



YOU CLEAN UP IN HERE, THEODORE. SIMON AND I WILL START UPSTAIRS. AND GET EVERY-THING CLEAN AS A WHISTLE.











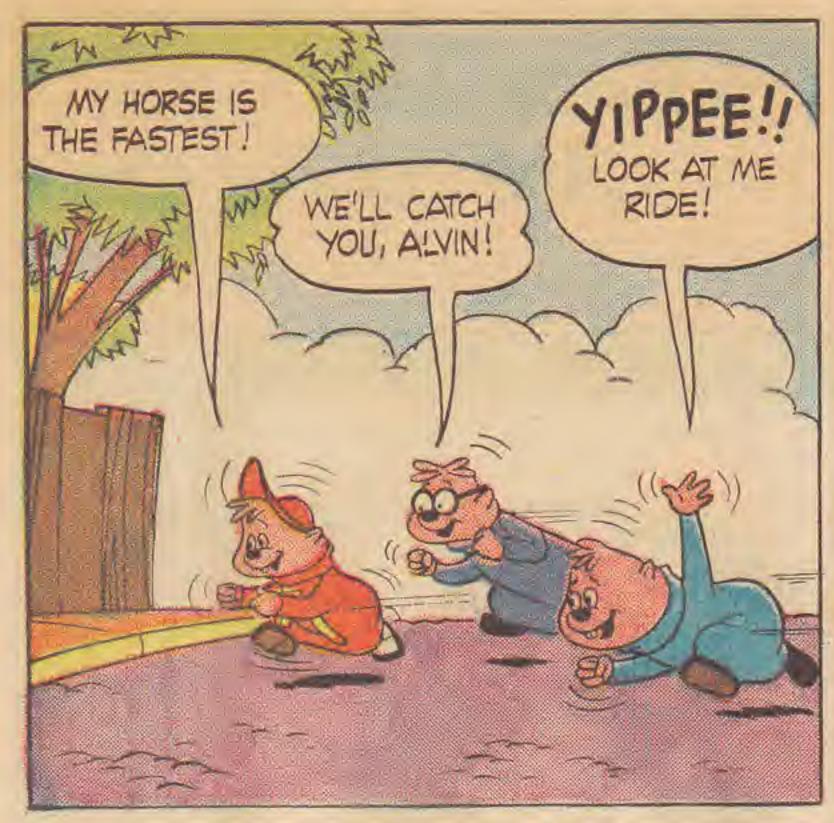


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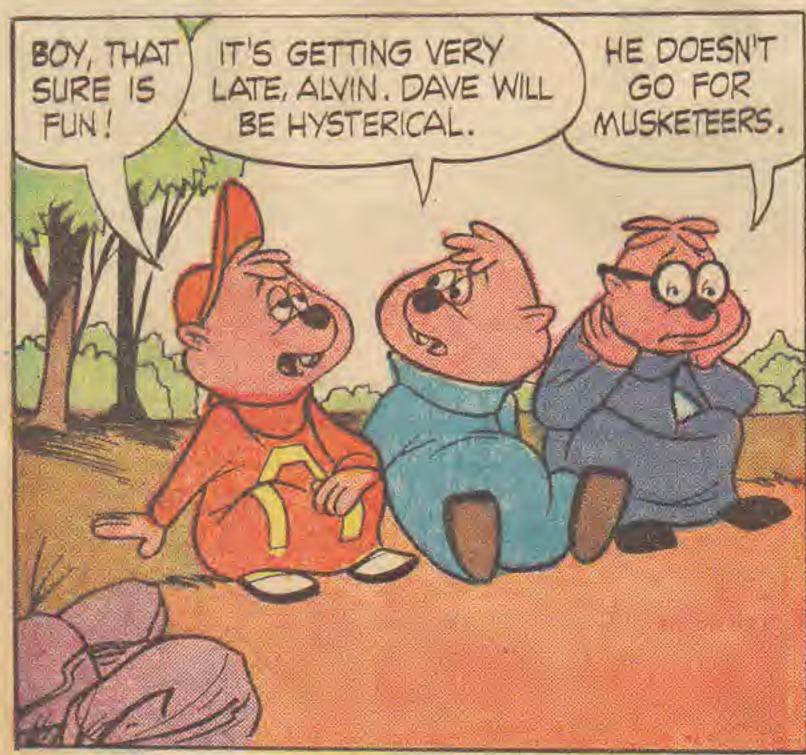
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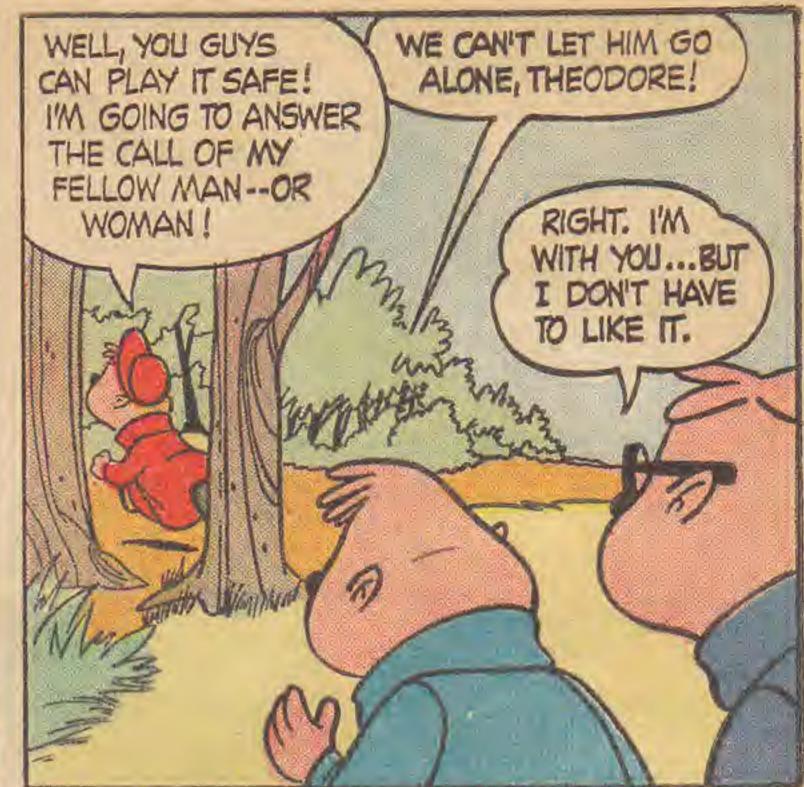






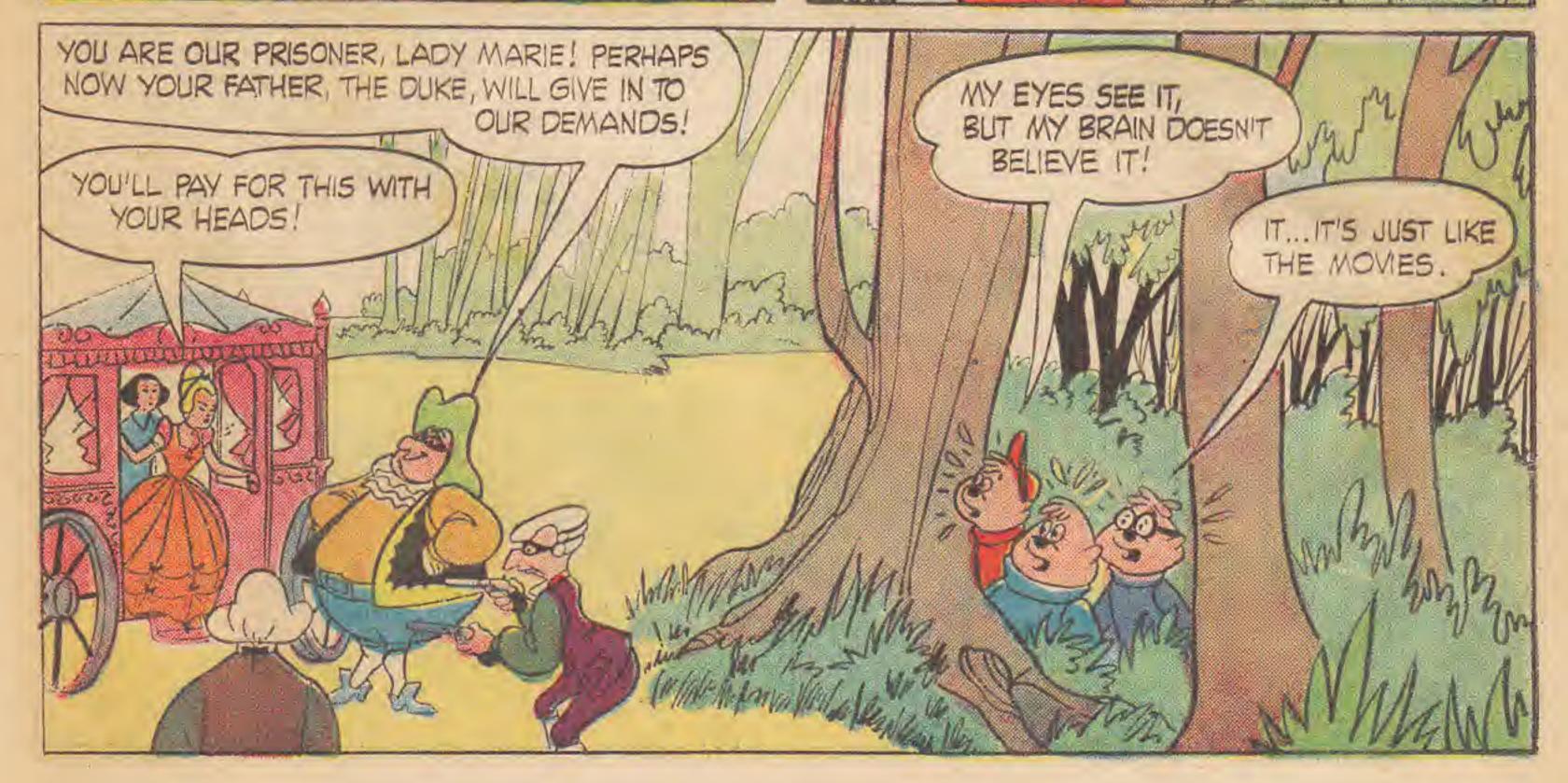
















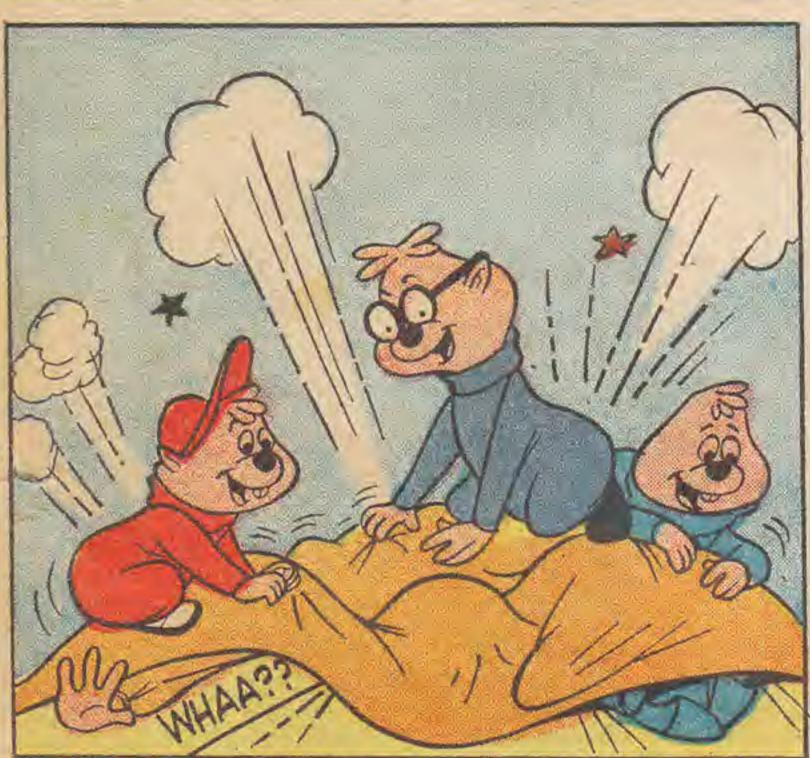








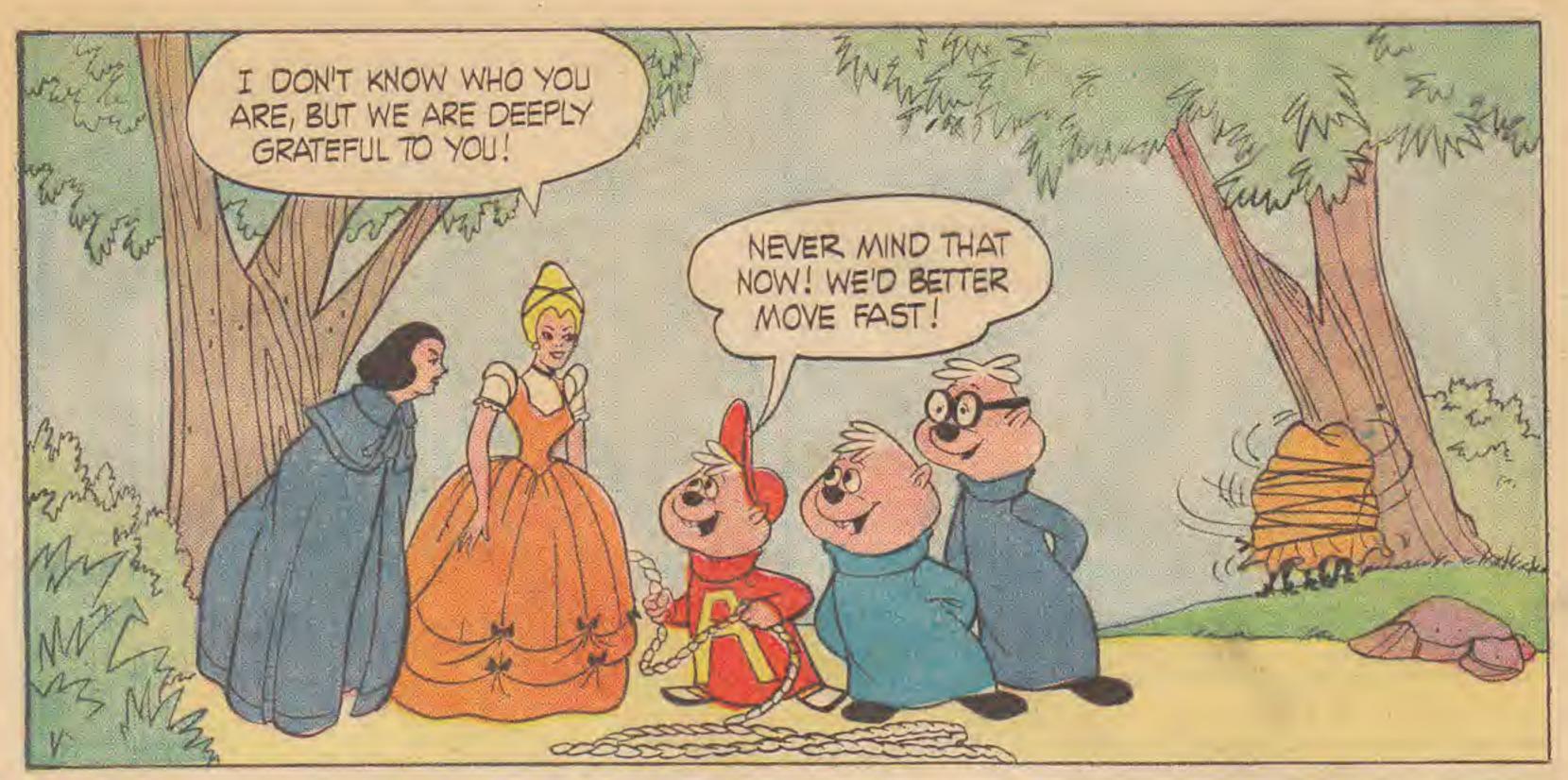


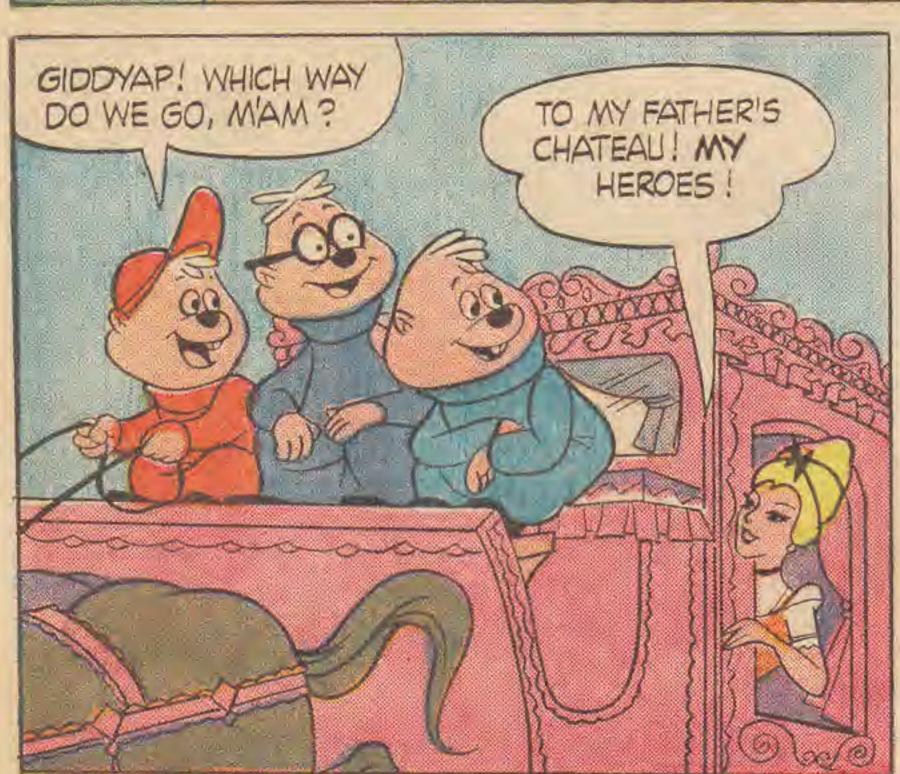


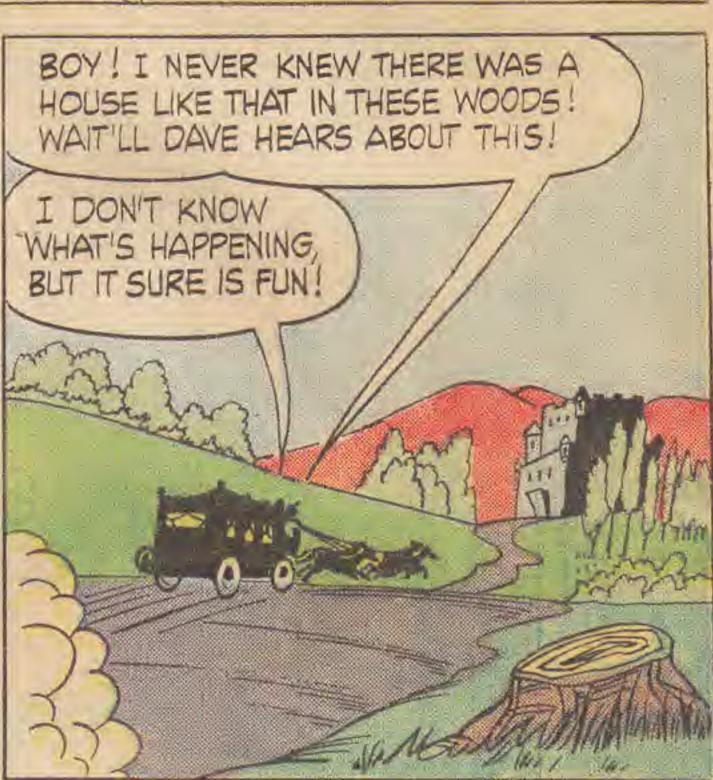






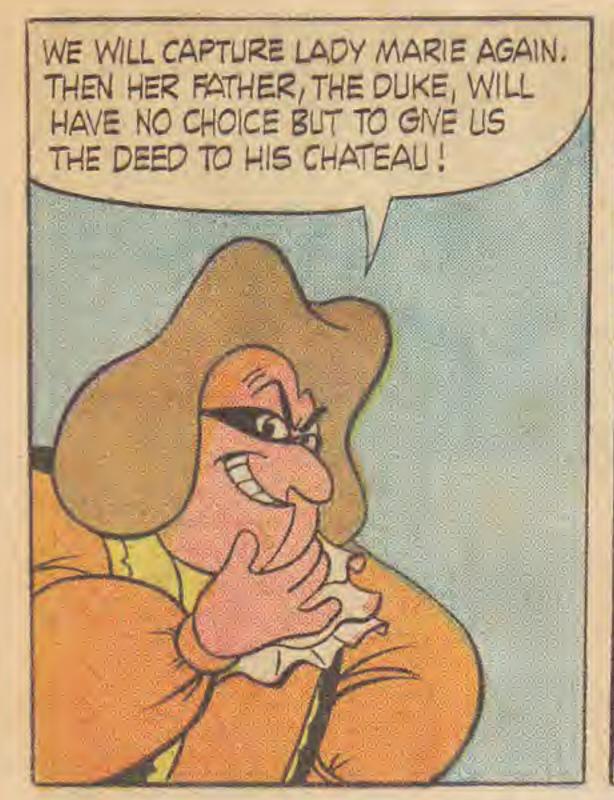




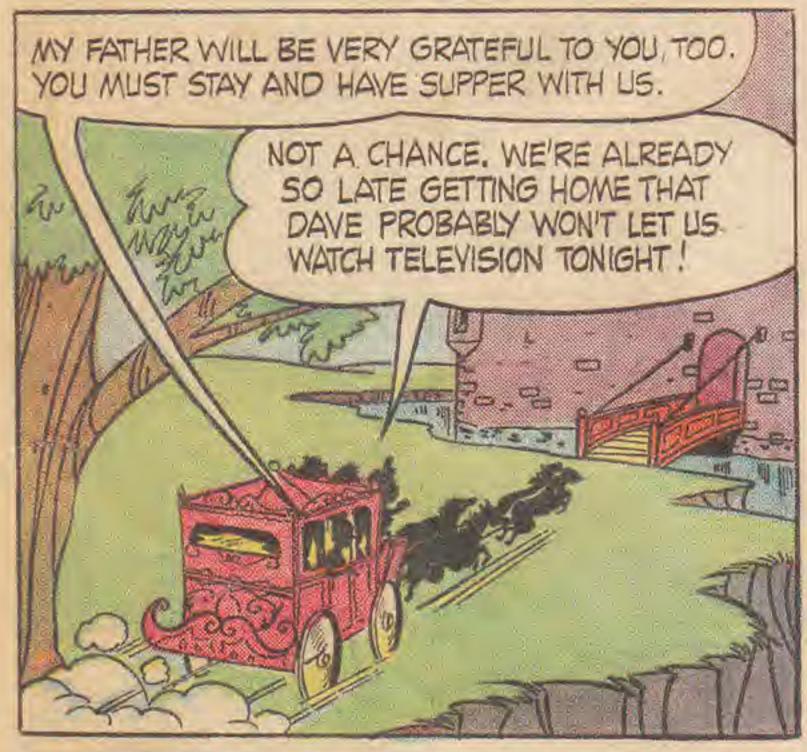






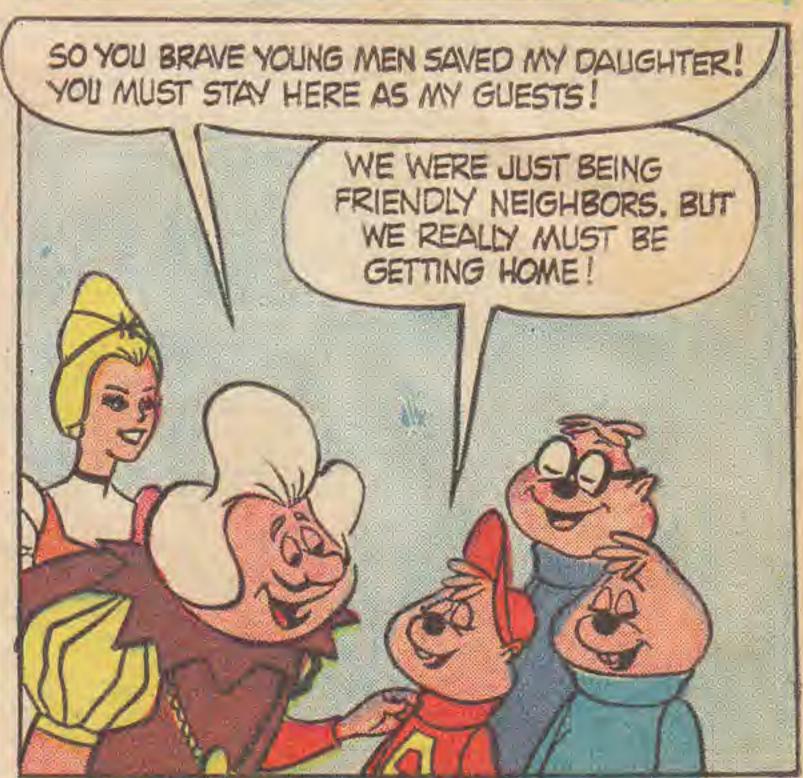




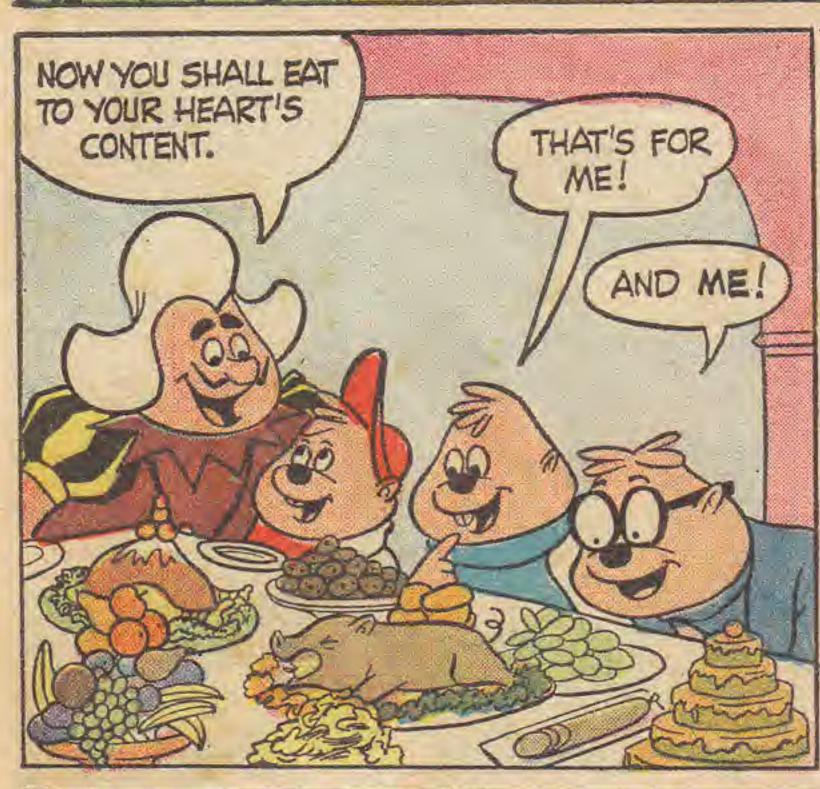


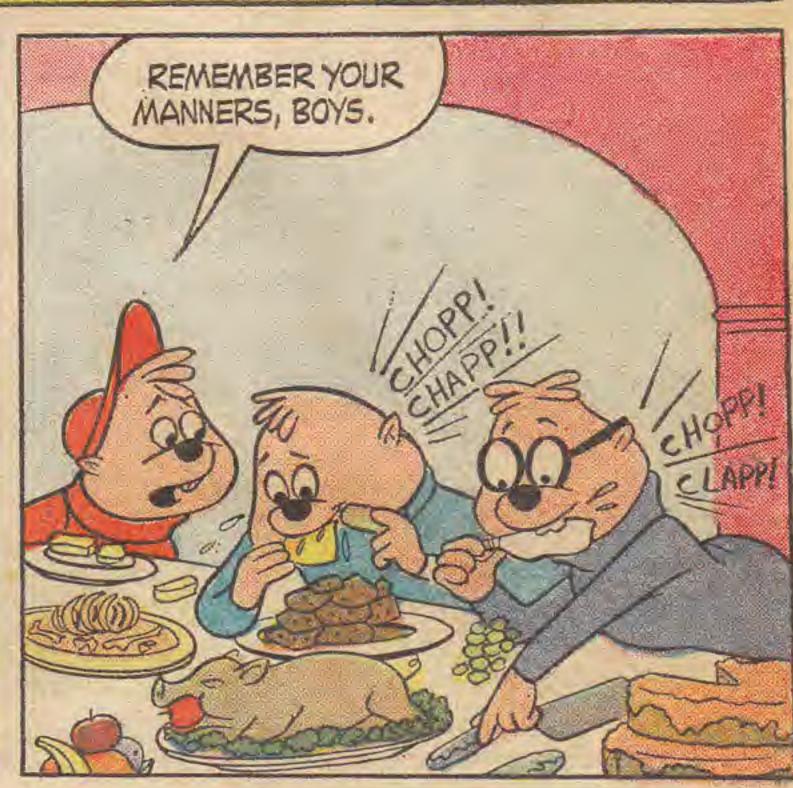




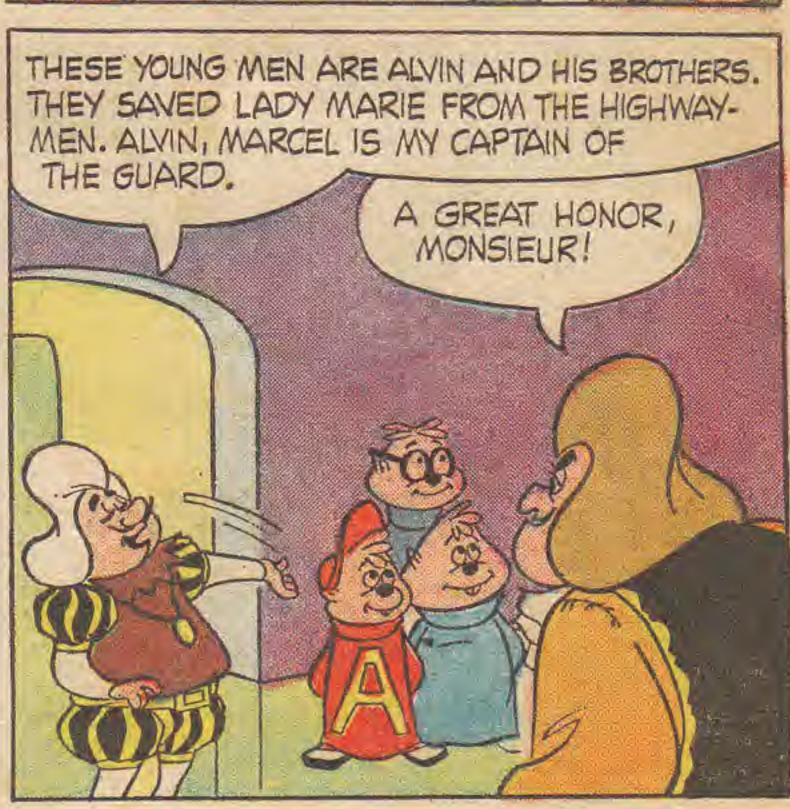


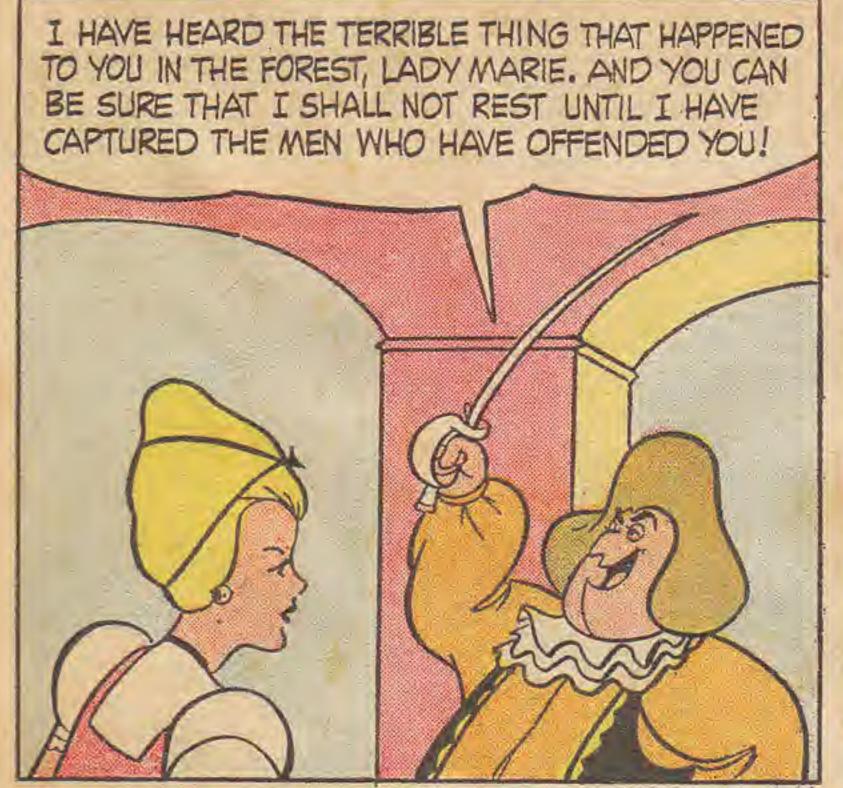














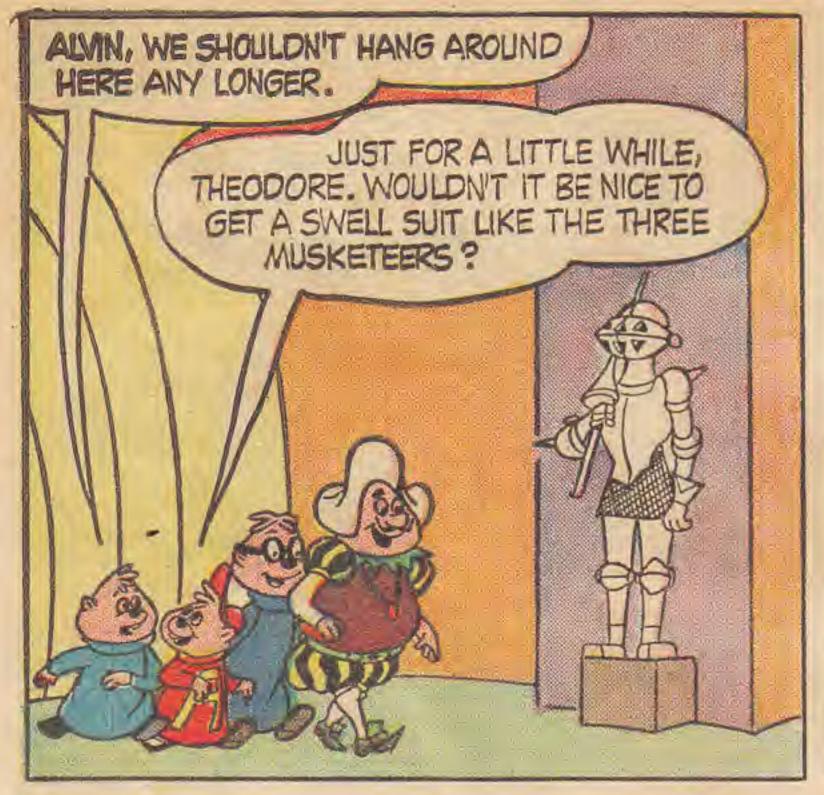


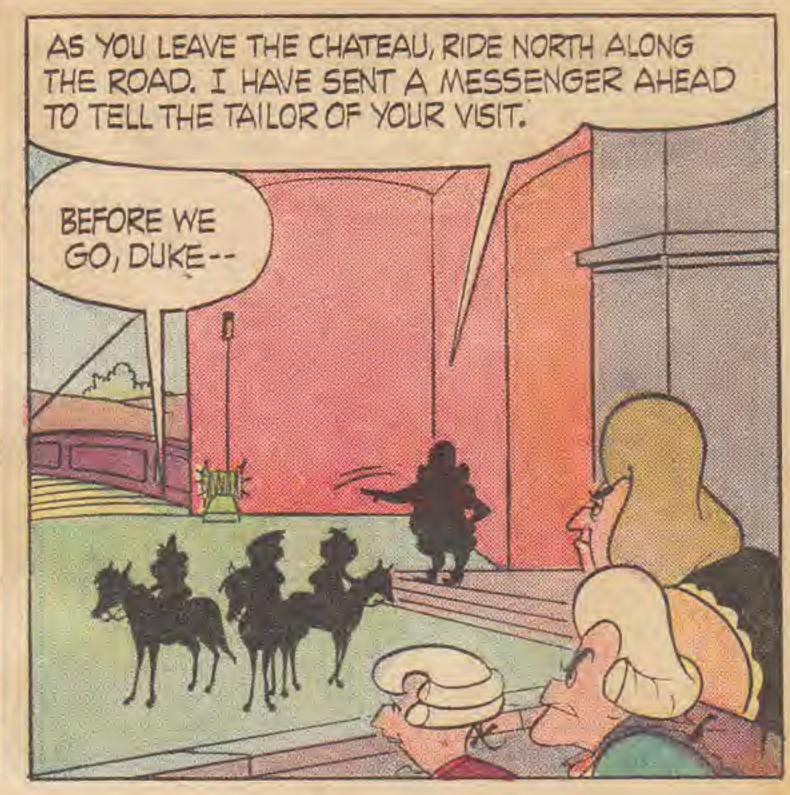


WHILE YOU ARE IN MY COUNTRY, YOU SHOULD







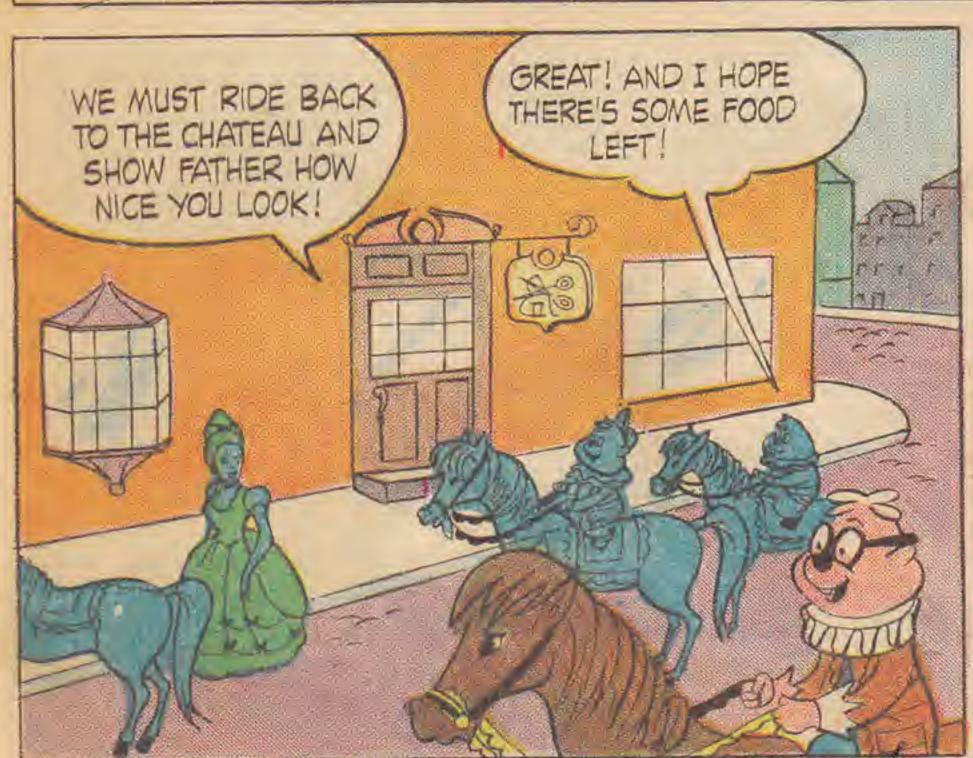






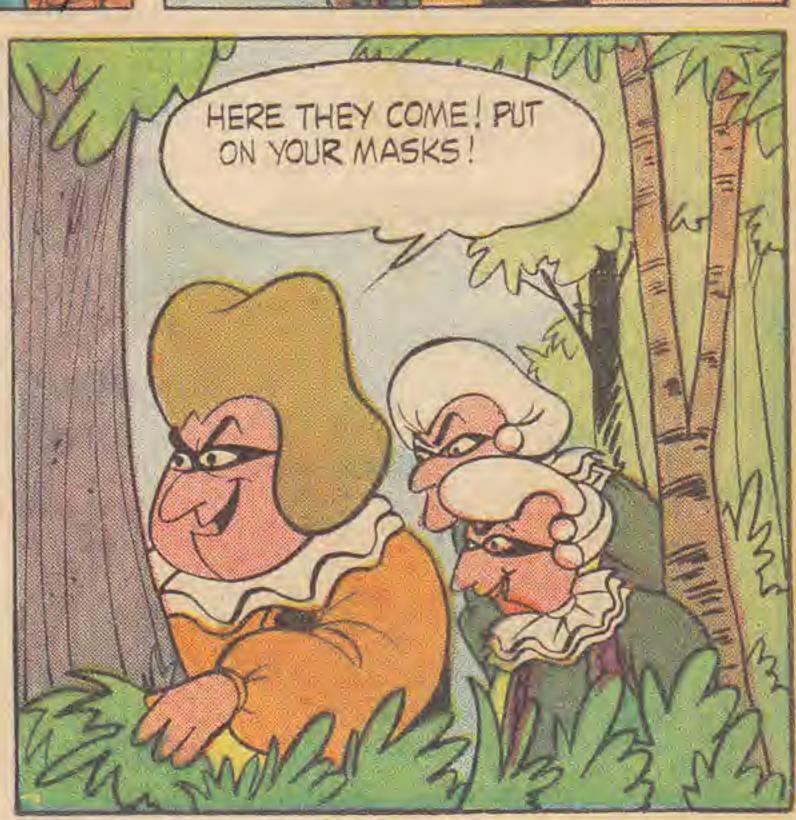






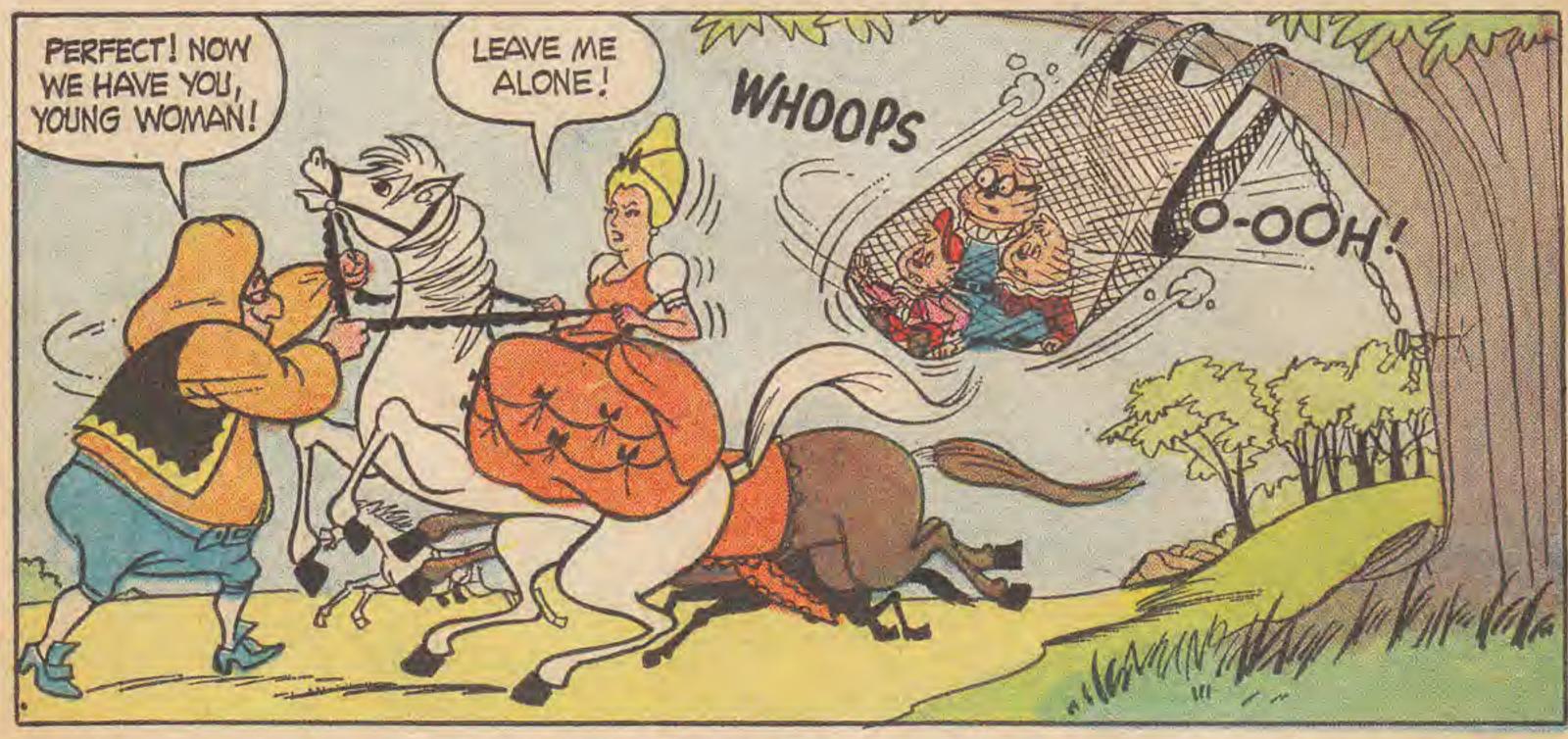


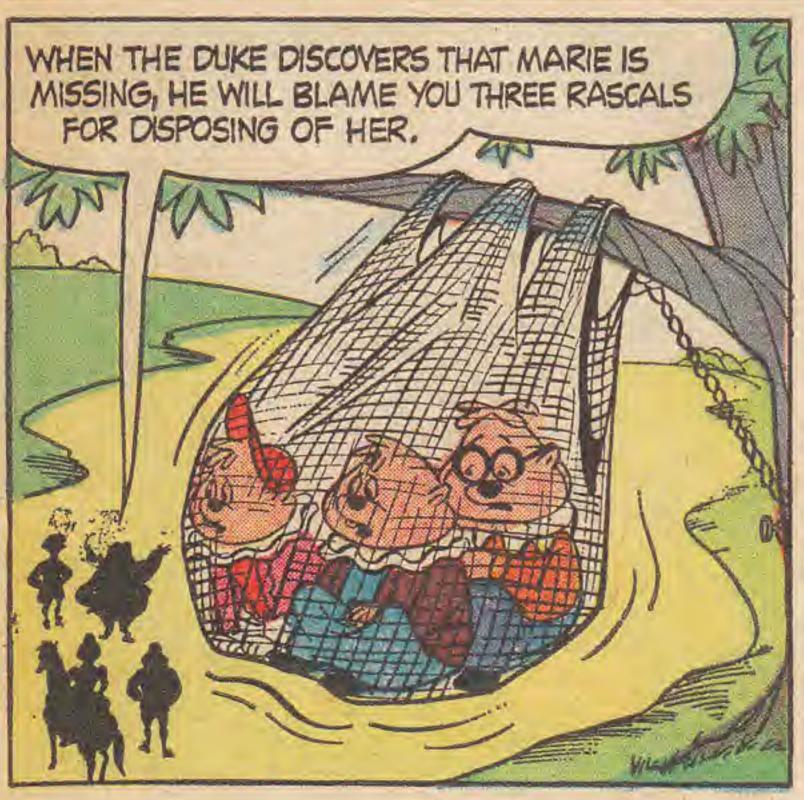


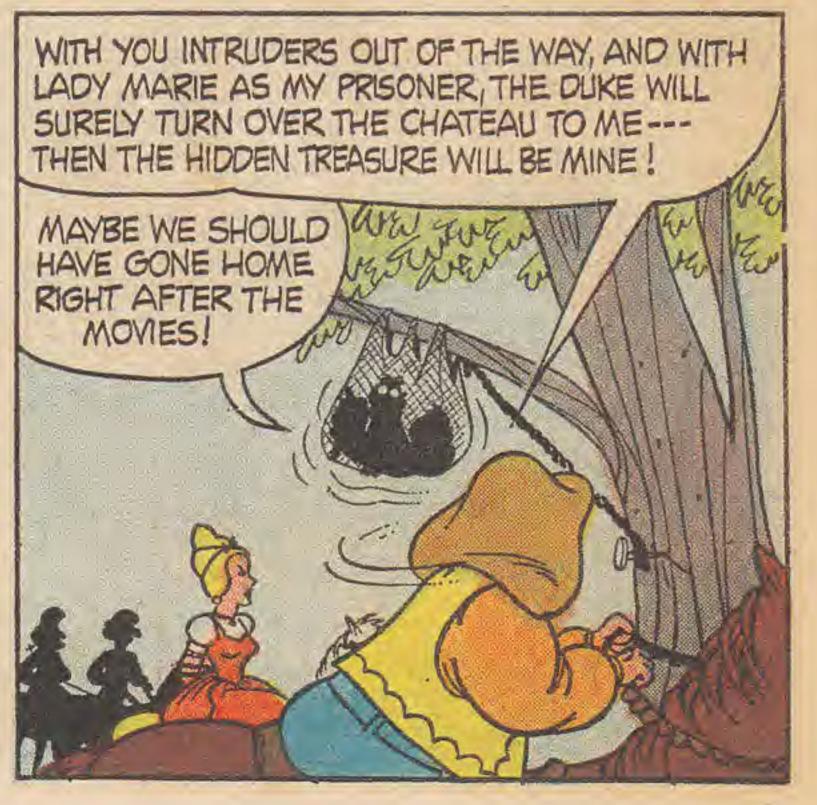




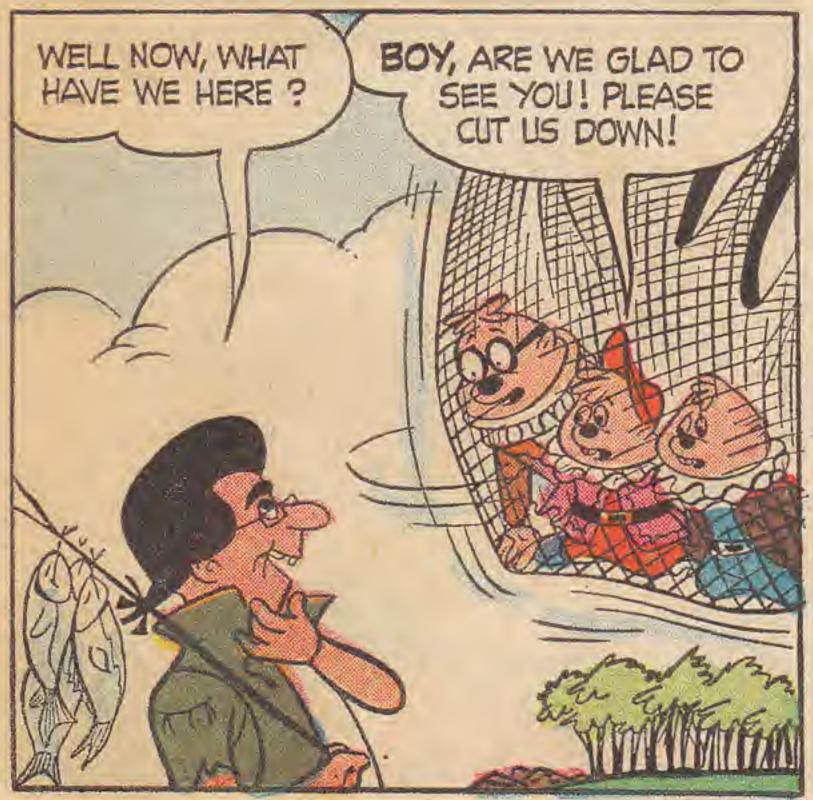


















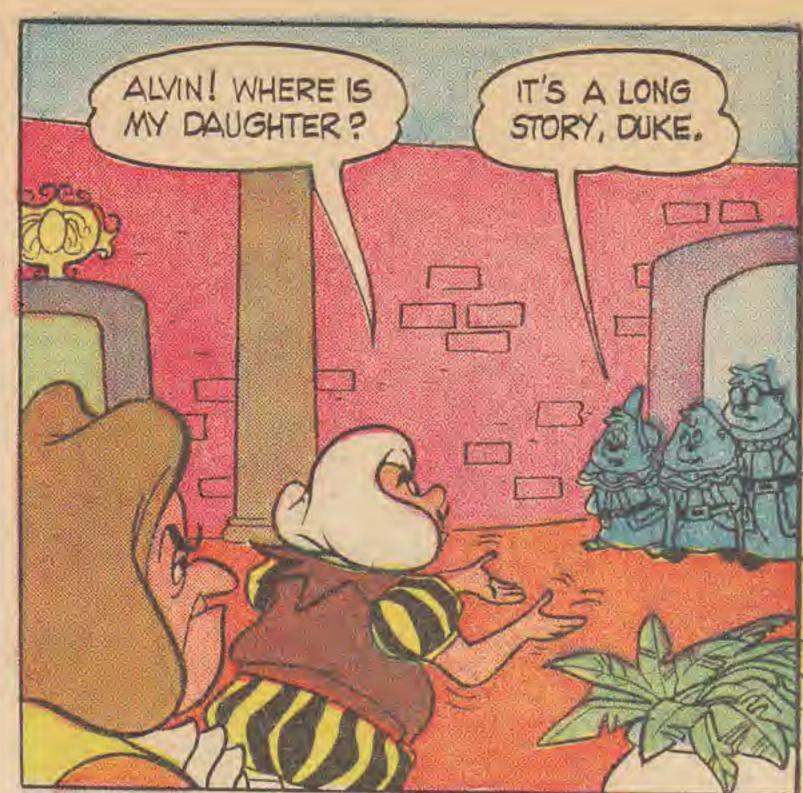




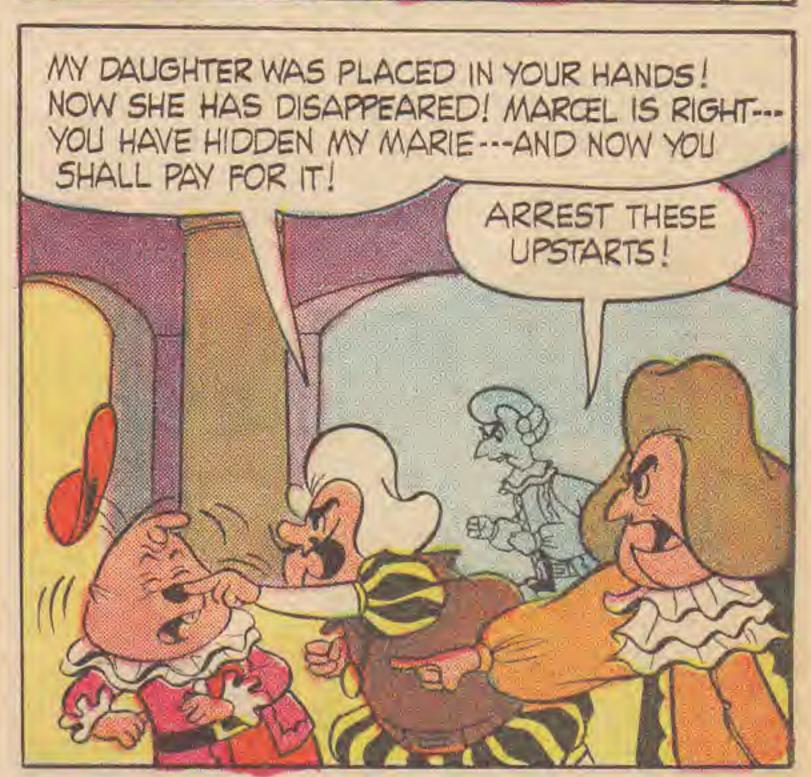










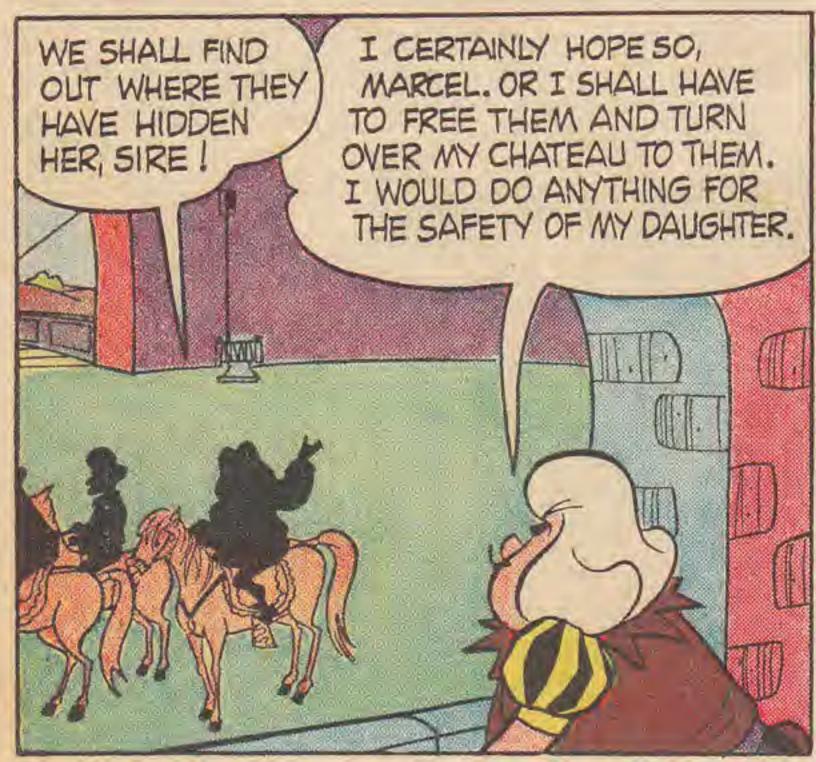




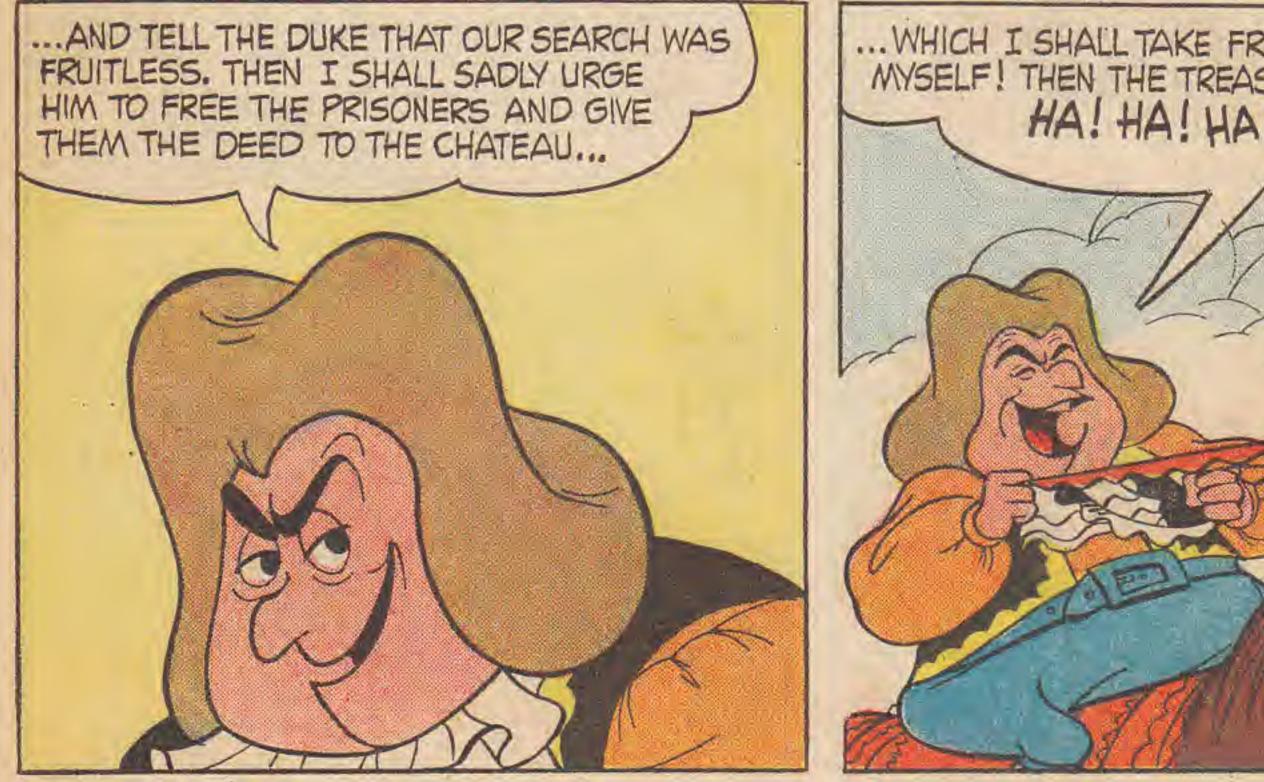




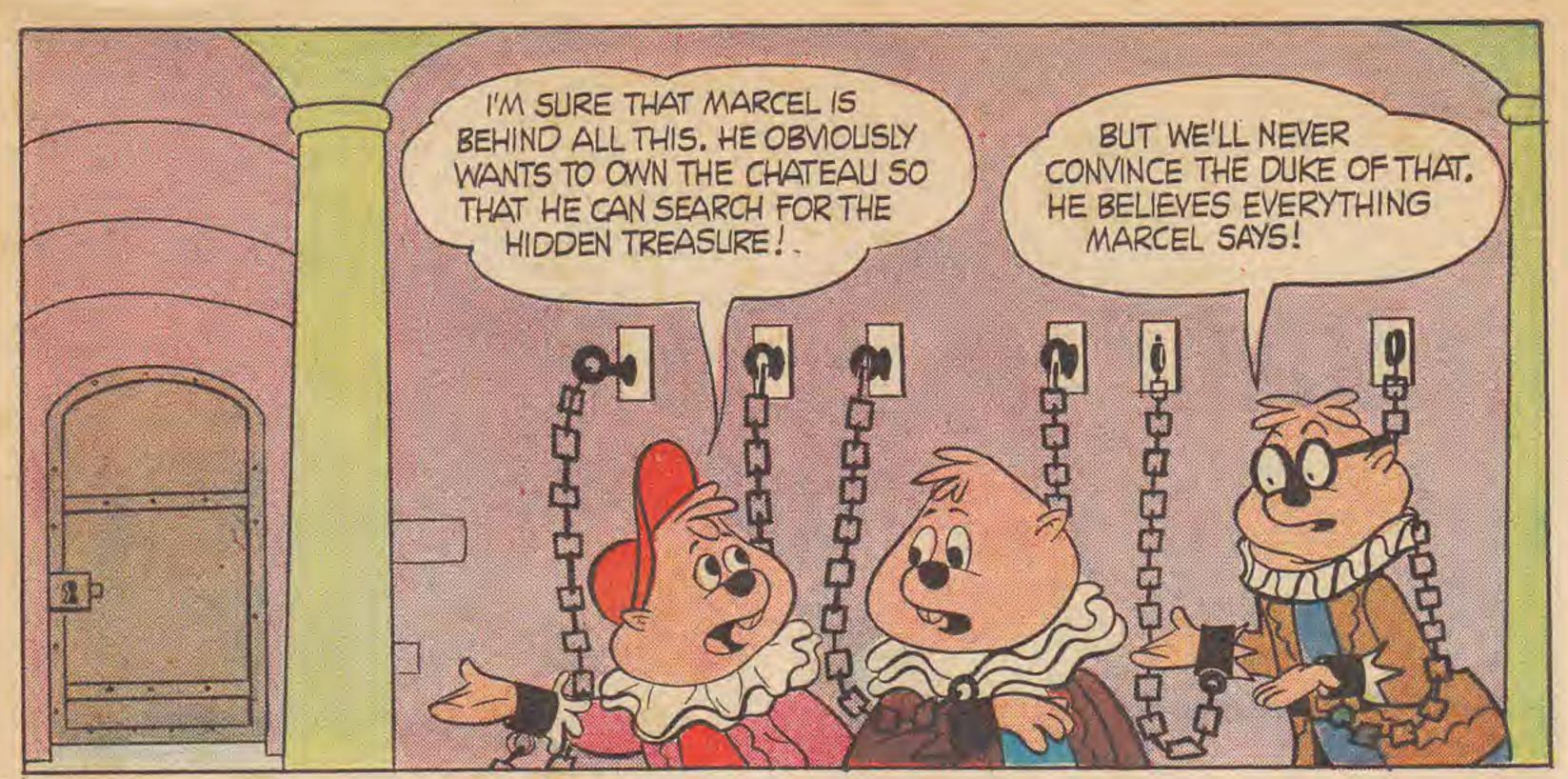






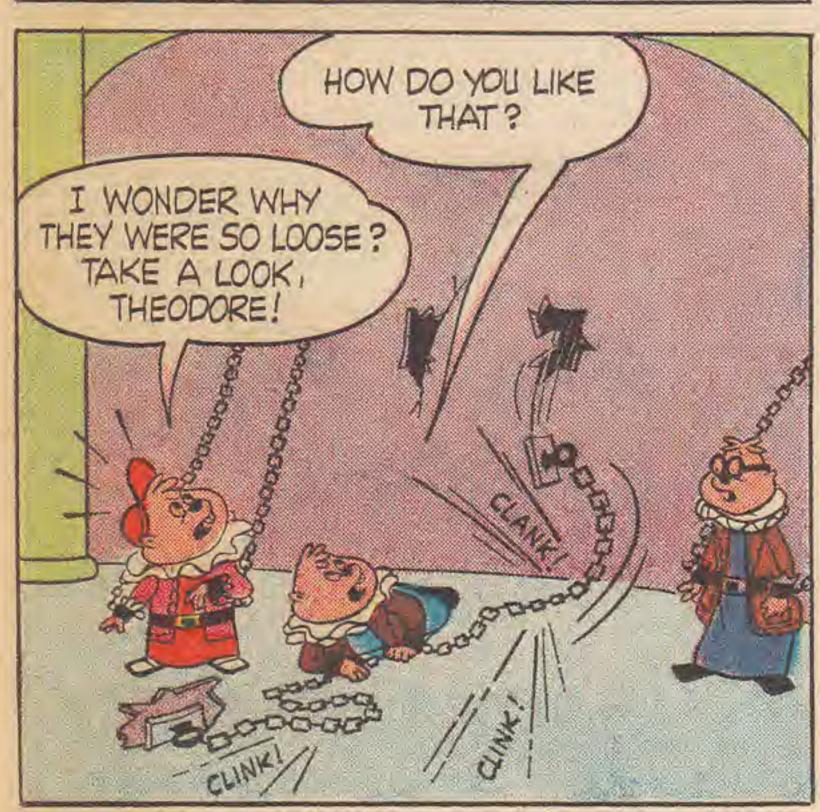
















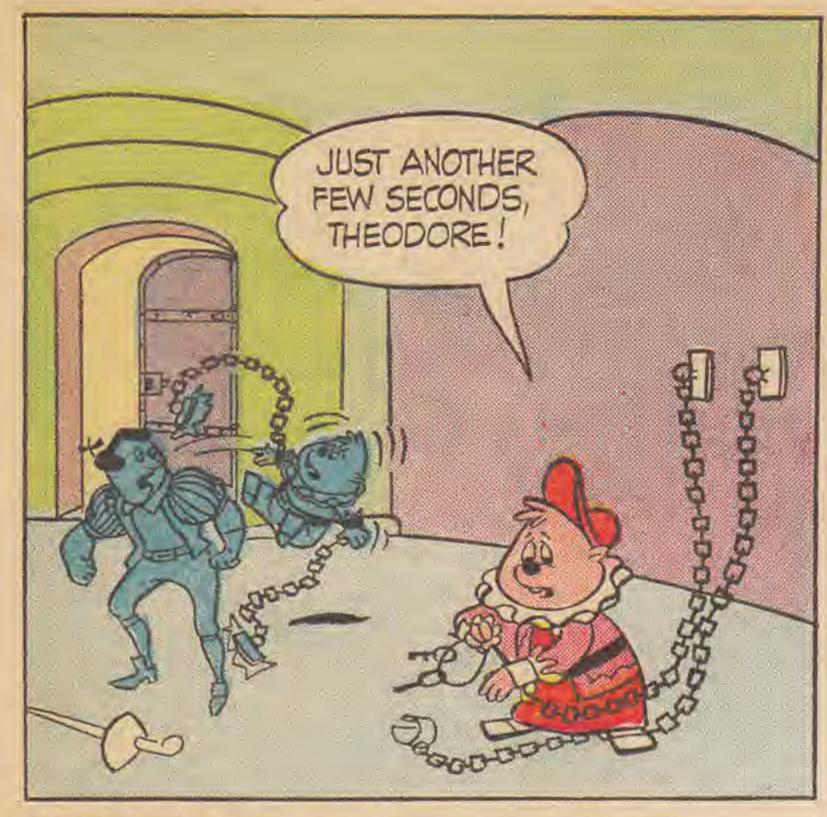


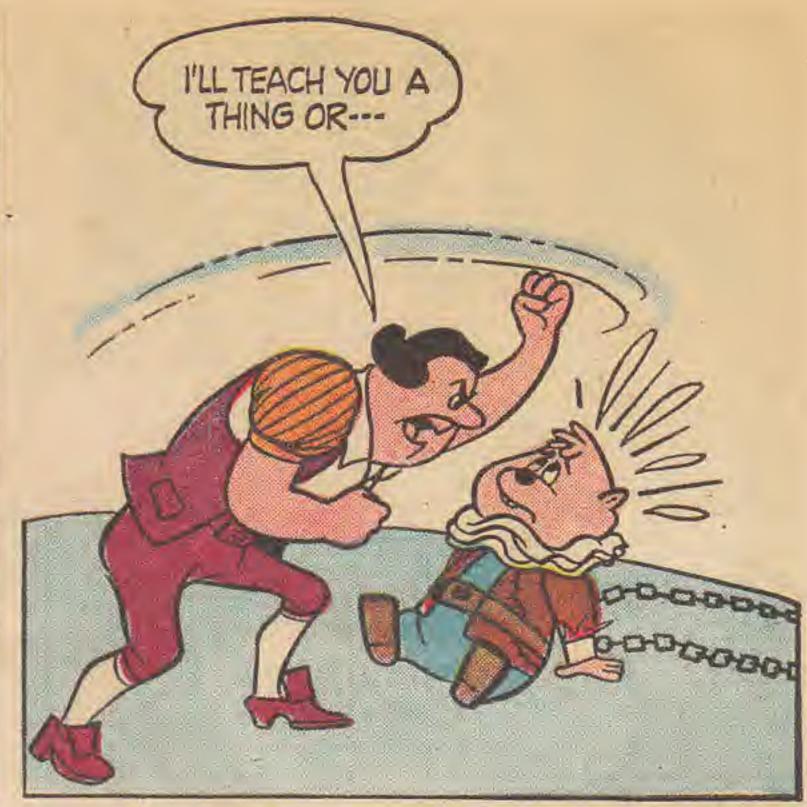


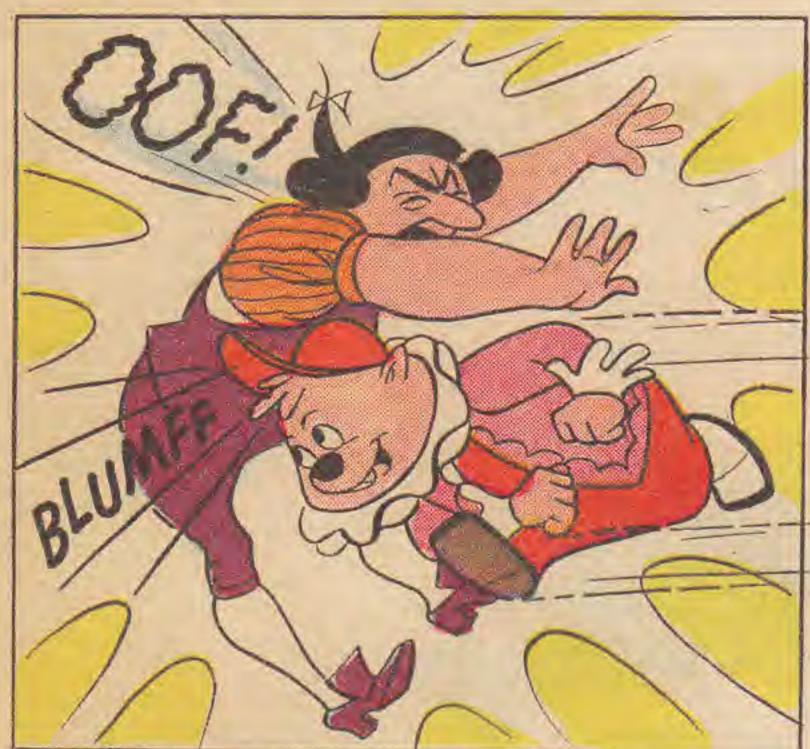


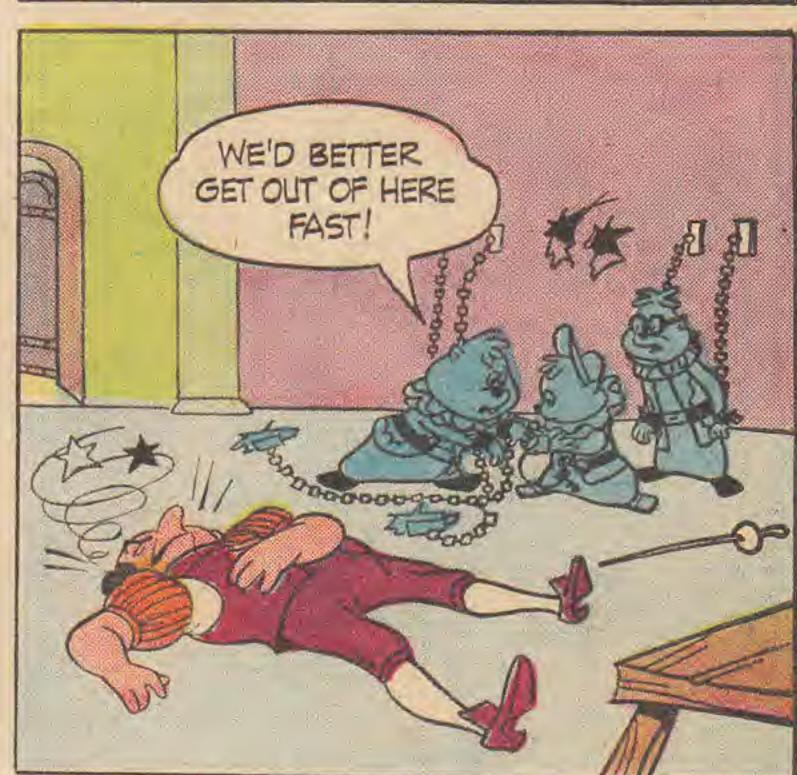
















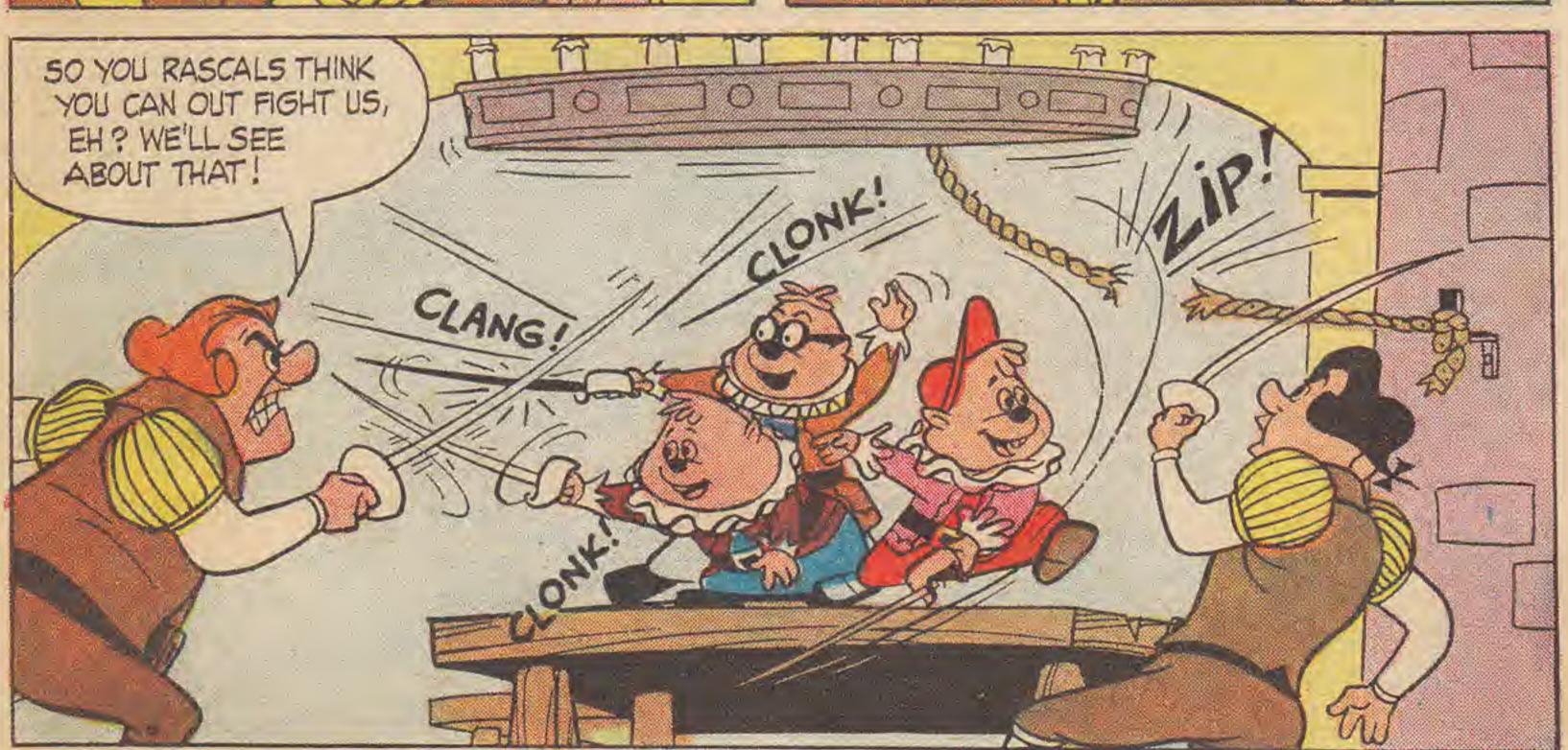


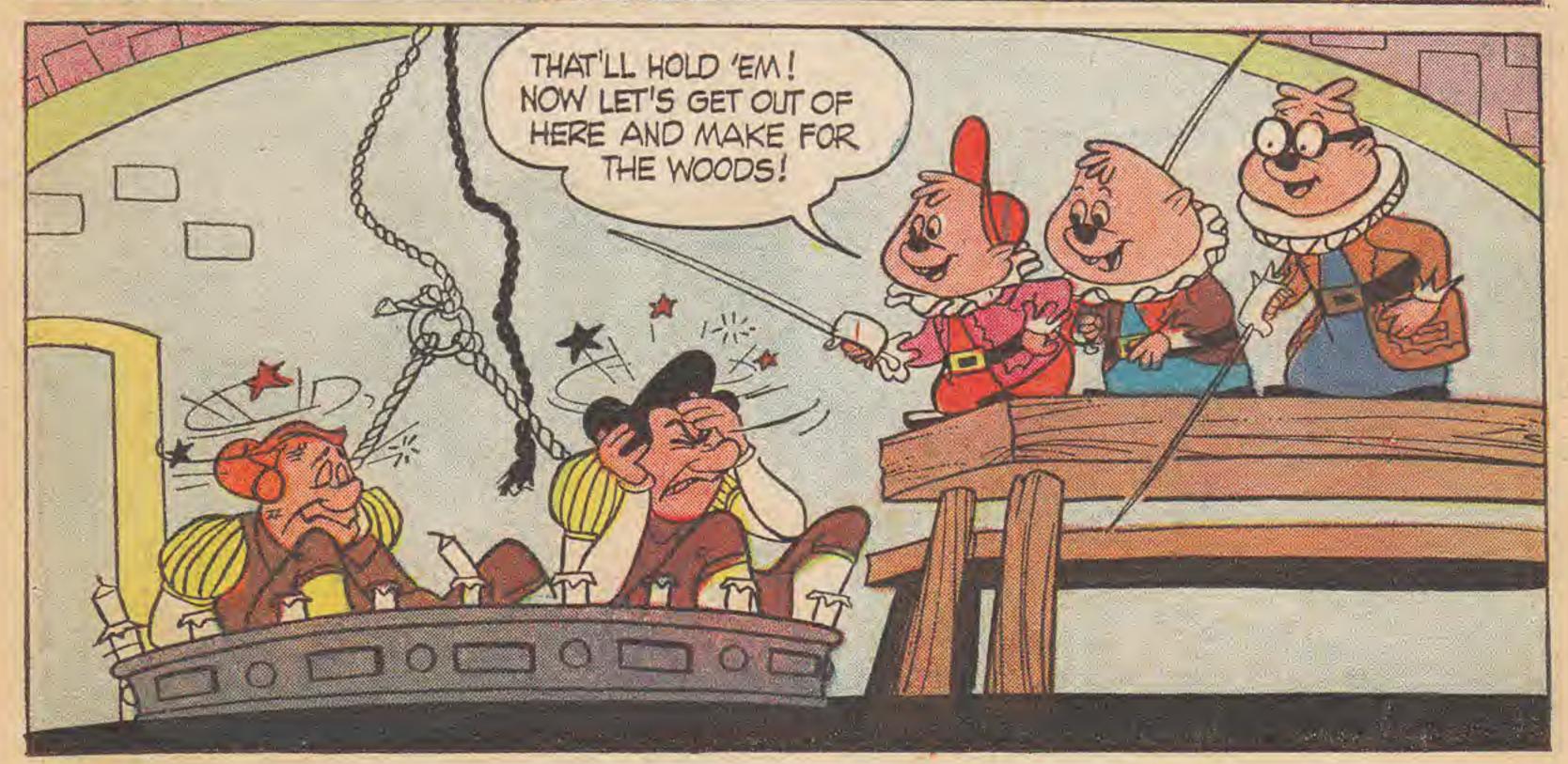


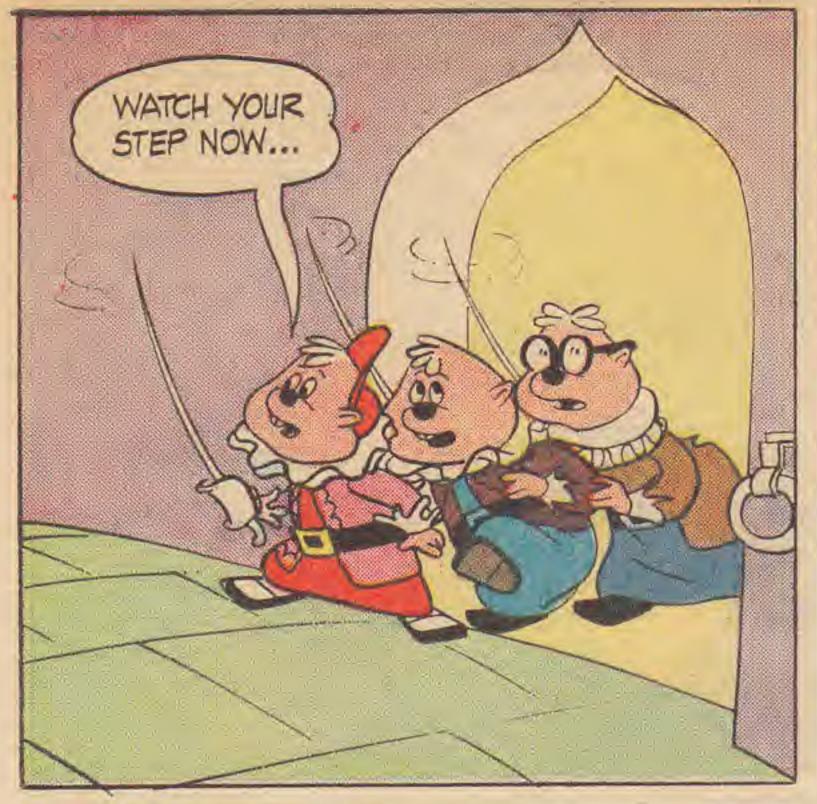


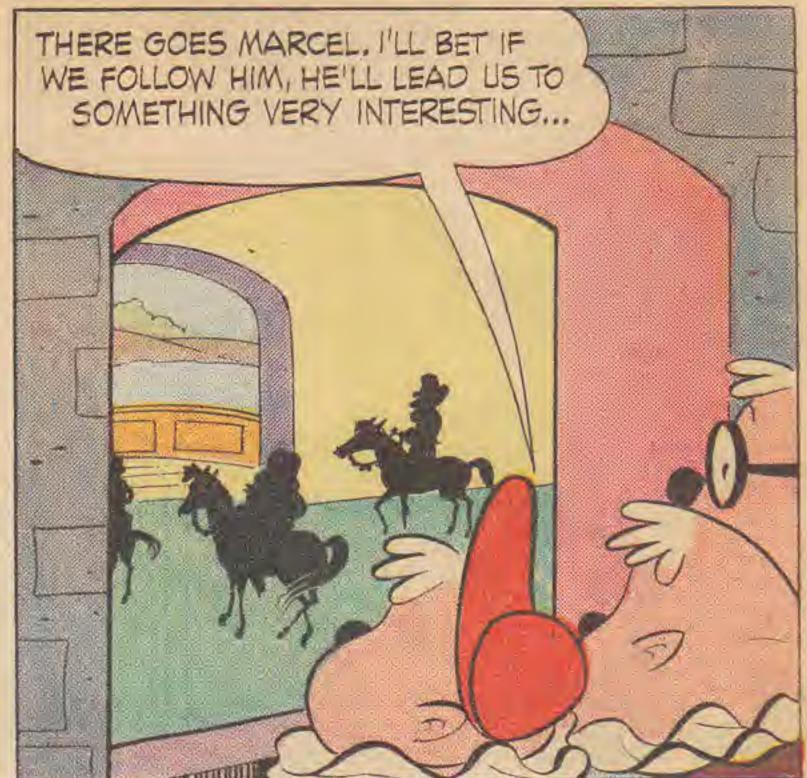








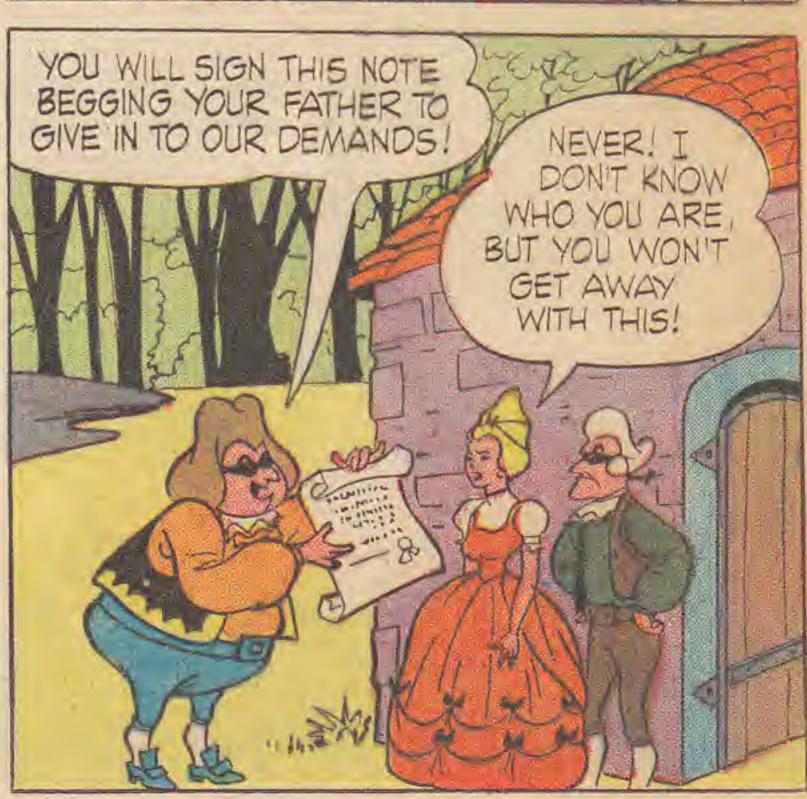








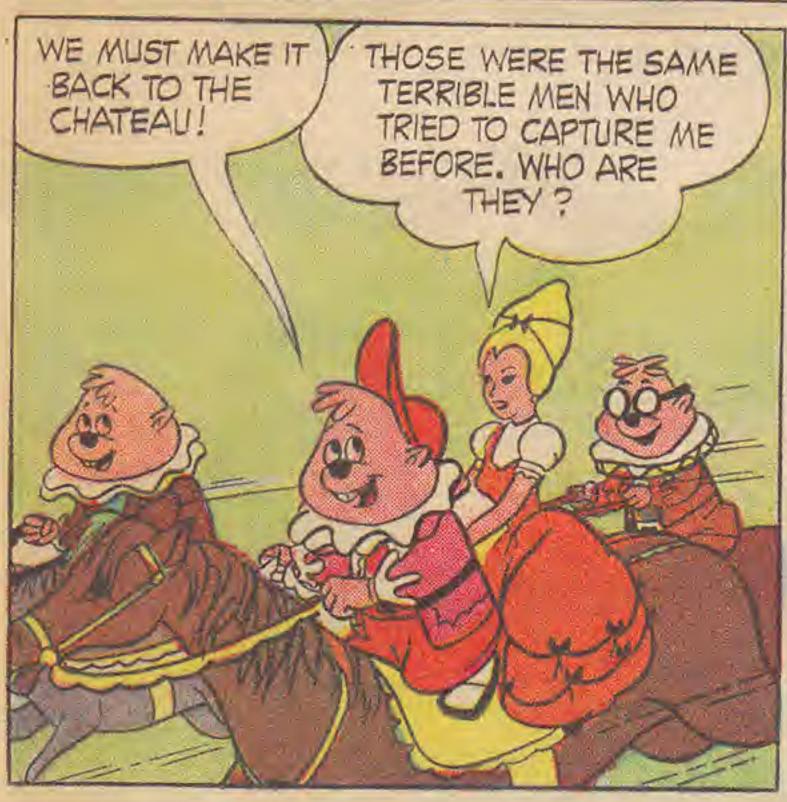








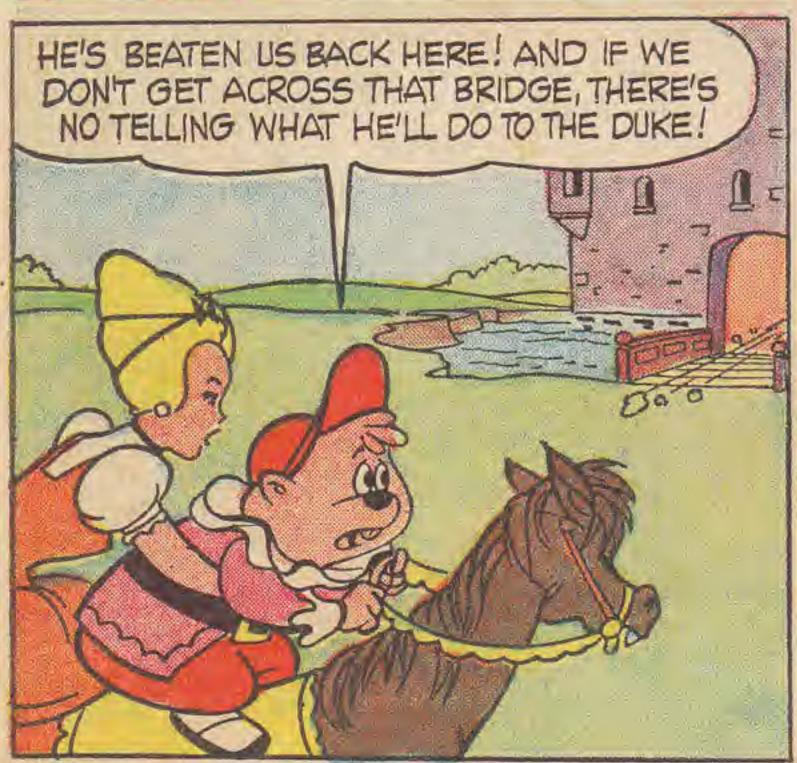




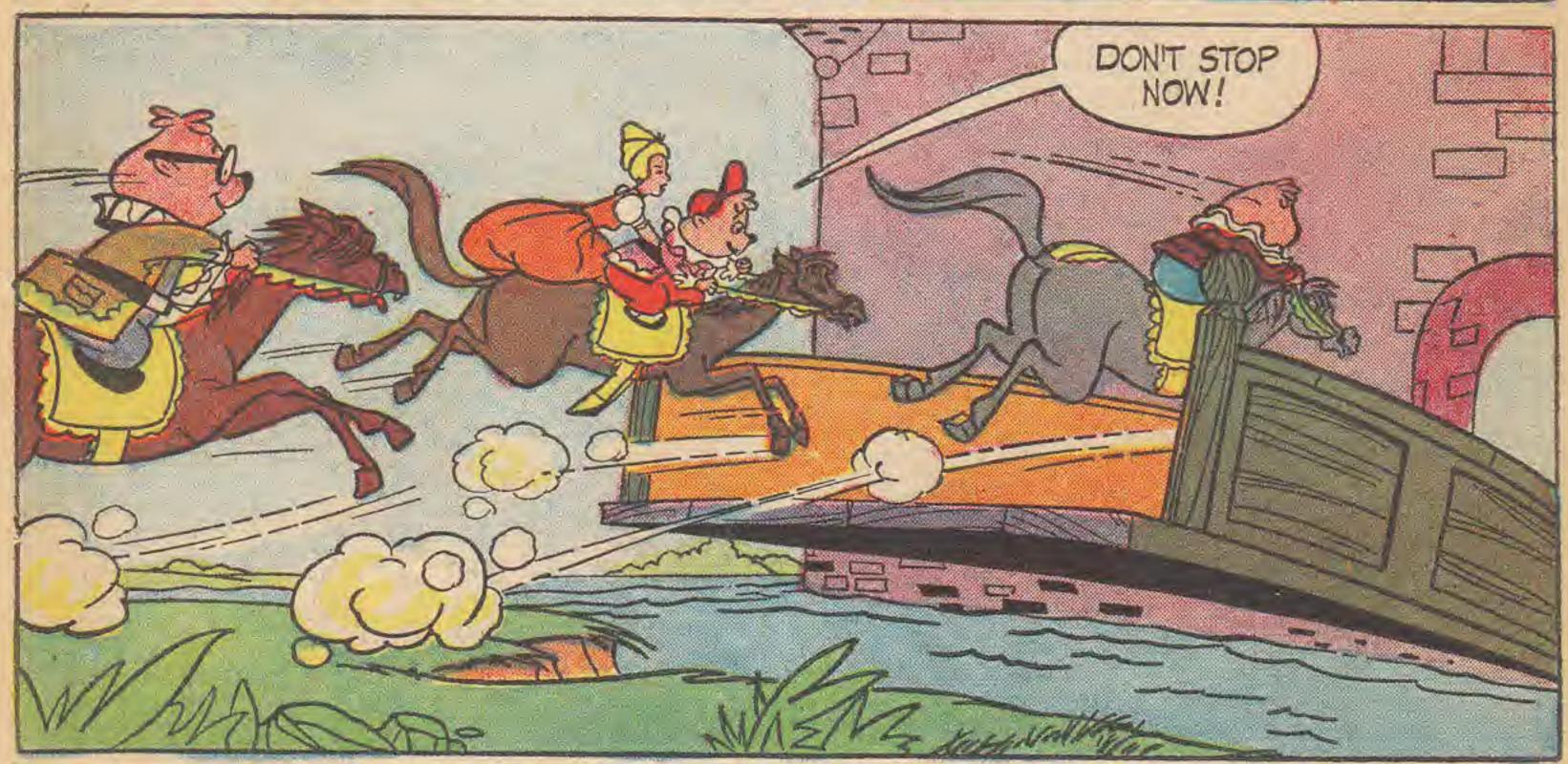


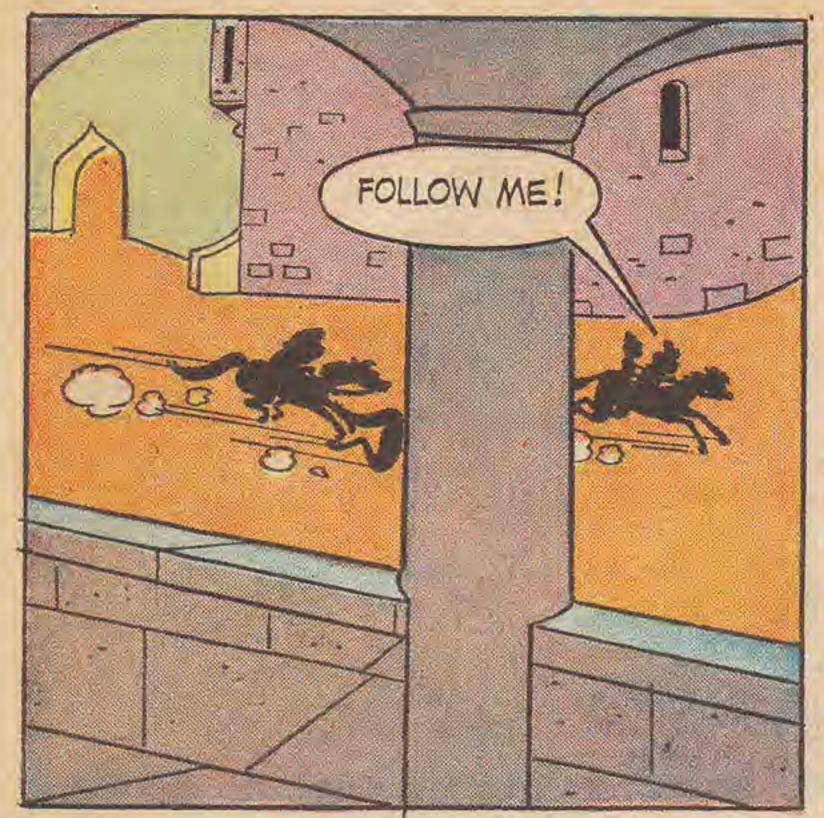








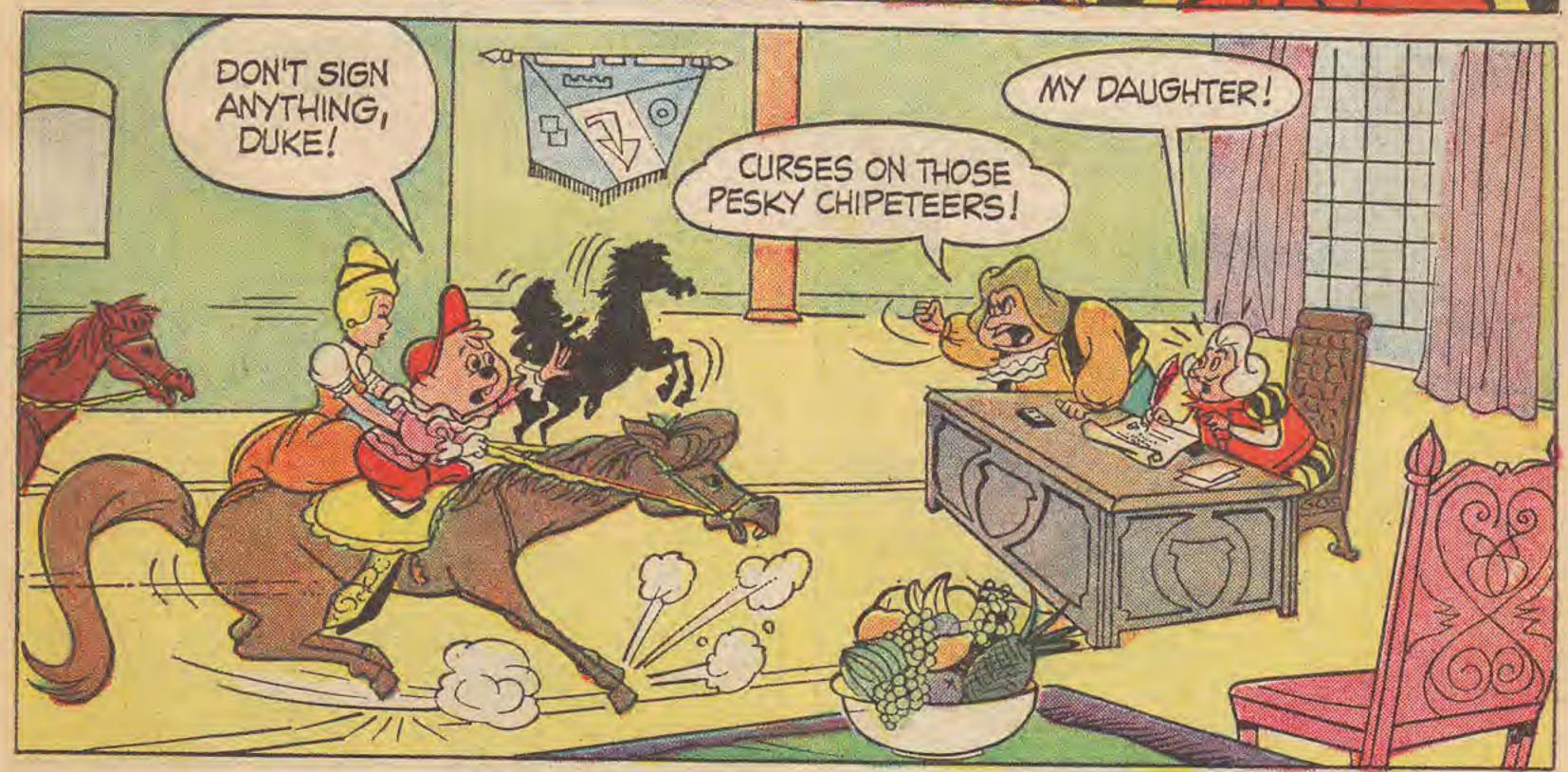




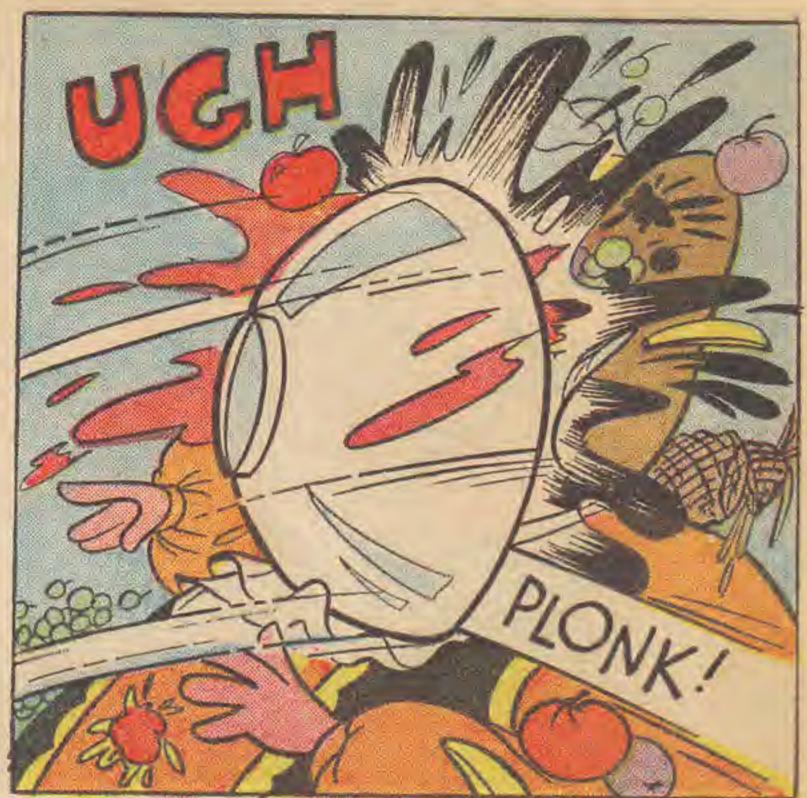


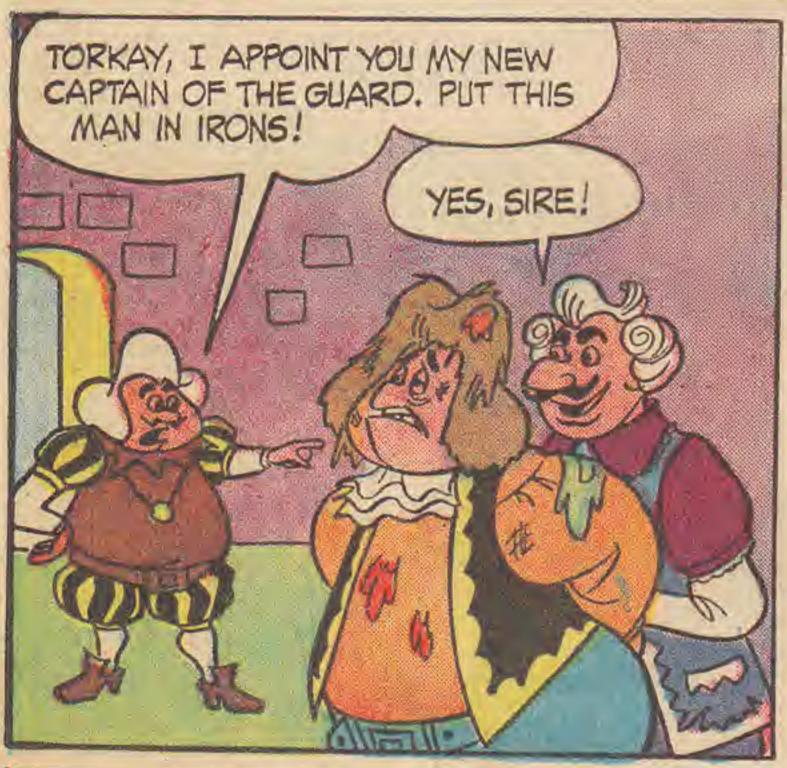










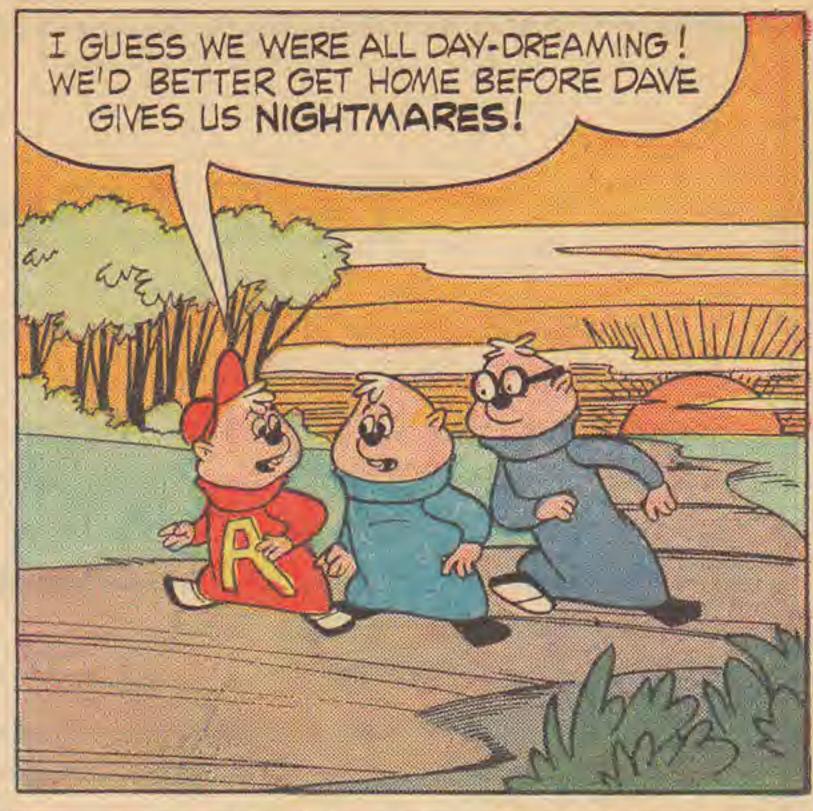


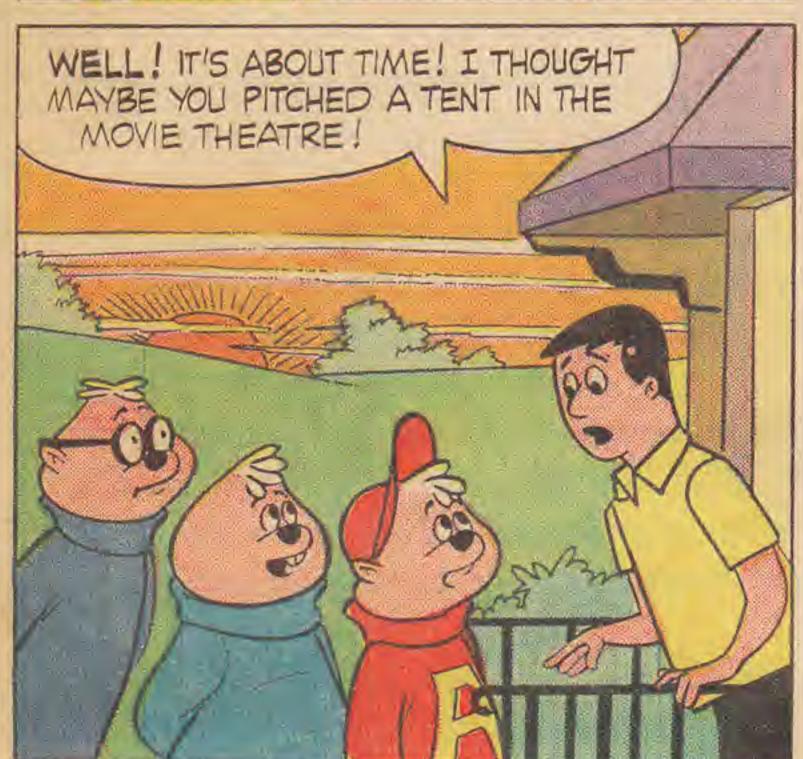


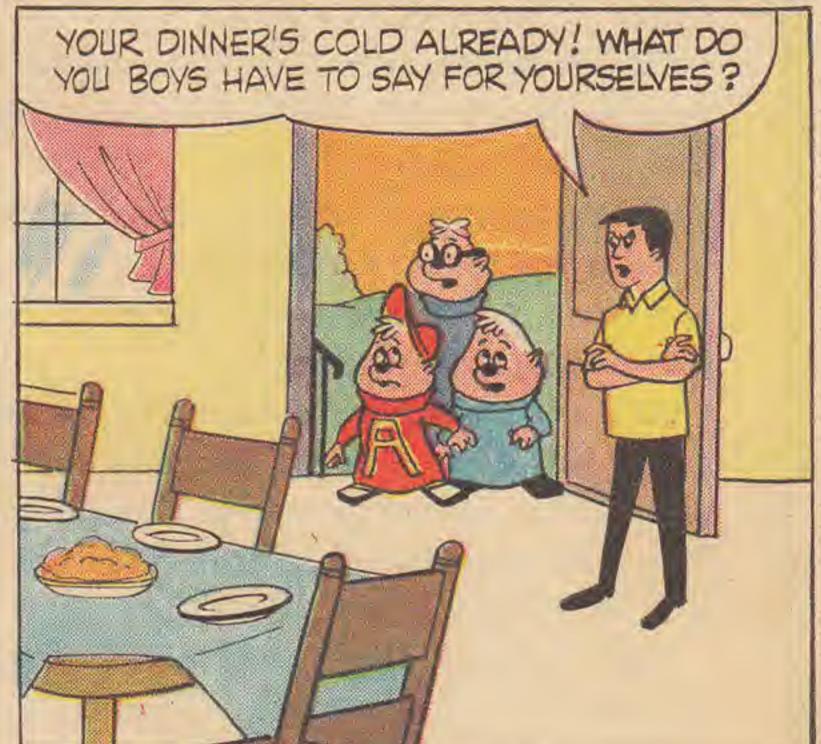














THE LONG WALK

The night it happened, things around the office had gone no differently than they had on any other Thursday. Everyone had gone home at six, and Harry and Marge stayed to finish the books. By the time the cash had been counted and entered into the ledgers, it was almost nine o'clock. Harry sent Marge home and completed the final details himself. He put the money—three thousand dollars—into a plain canvas bag and started out for the bank. He made sure that he had his key to the night deposit box at the bank. He closed up the office and began the long walk to deposit the large sum of cash.

As soon as his feet hit the street, he could sense something different about the night. There was a chill wind blowing and the street was completely empty of people. But Harry felt an air of something or someone watching him. He began to walk faster than usual. Then he slowed down.

"What's my big hurry?" he said to himself. But he already knew the answer to his own question. Someone was definitely following him. And, carrying that much money, it was not hard to tell what they were after.

Just to make sure it was not his imagination, Harry stopped walking and stood on the corner of Main and Fremont. The double set of footsteps behind stopped, too. When he began to walk again, the other footsteps also started. Now he was certain. Whoever it was, they were after the cash Harry was carrying.

As Harry walked faster and faster, he glanced about for signs of life. Other people, a moving car, perhaps a police officer. But there was no one else on the street. Only Harry and his pursuers. He still had about three blocks to go before reaching the bank. If he was lucky, the bank watchman, Ken, would have completed his rounds and would be standing outside the front of the bank. Then Harry would be safe.

Suddenly Harry slipped into an alley to see if he could shake his pursuers. This was a departure from his usual route, but he felt that he had to do it. The people following him had probably made a close study of Harry's usual routine, and perhaps this sudden change would confuse them. But he heard their footsteps follow him into the alley. It was some distance to the other end of the alley. But the bank was much closer this way. He broke into a run, then stopped short and ducked behind a row of trash cans. Perhaps they would pass him by.

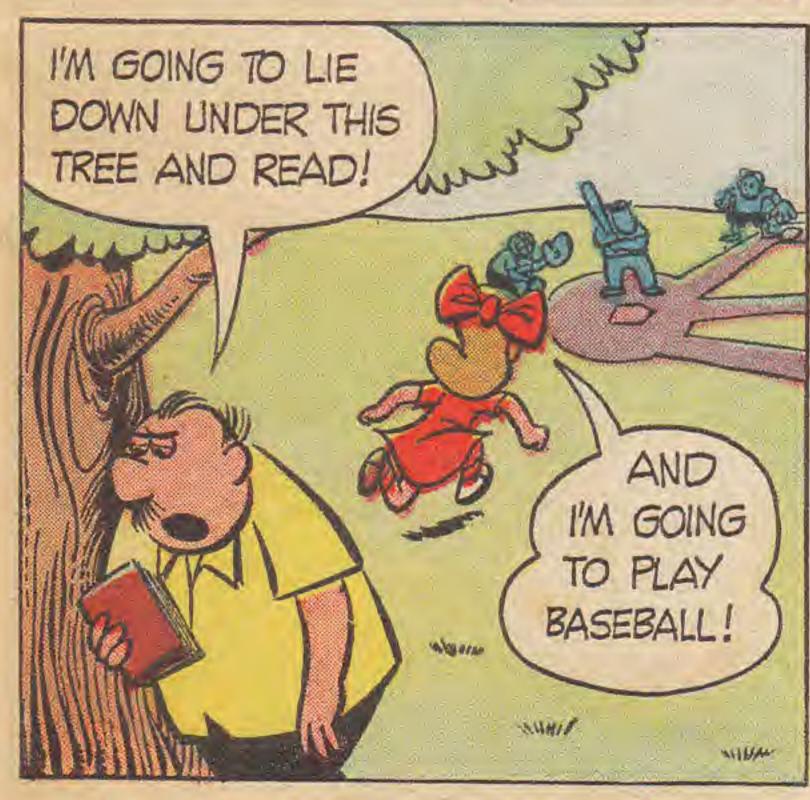
But they were not fooled. They stopped. Harry's foot accidentally touched an empty tin can and the noise echoed, revealing Harry's position. The two men began to close in, and glints of moonlight reflected off the barrel of a gun that one of the men was carrying.

The climax came swiftly and unexpectedly. A police squad car zoomed into each end of the alley and the surprised crooks surrendered meekly. Harry was both surprised and pleased to learn that the police had spotted the two suspicious-looking men early in the evening, and had been keeping their eyes on Harry. When the time was right, the police moved in. Harry's long walk was over.

THE END

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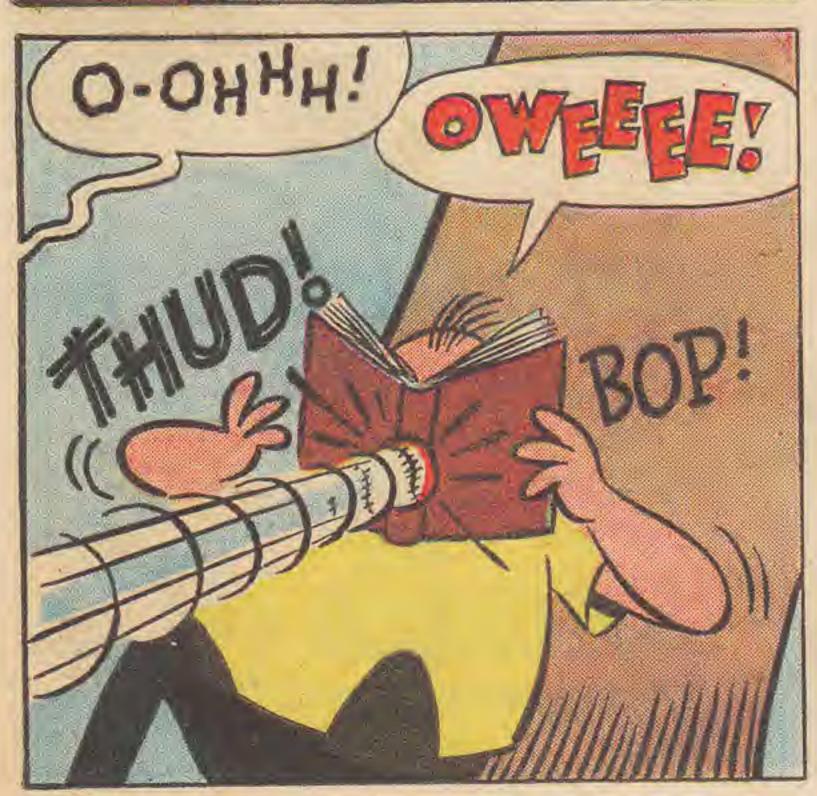


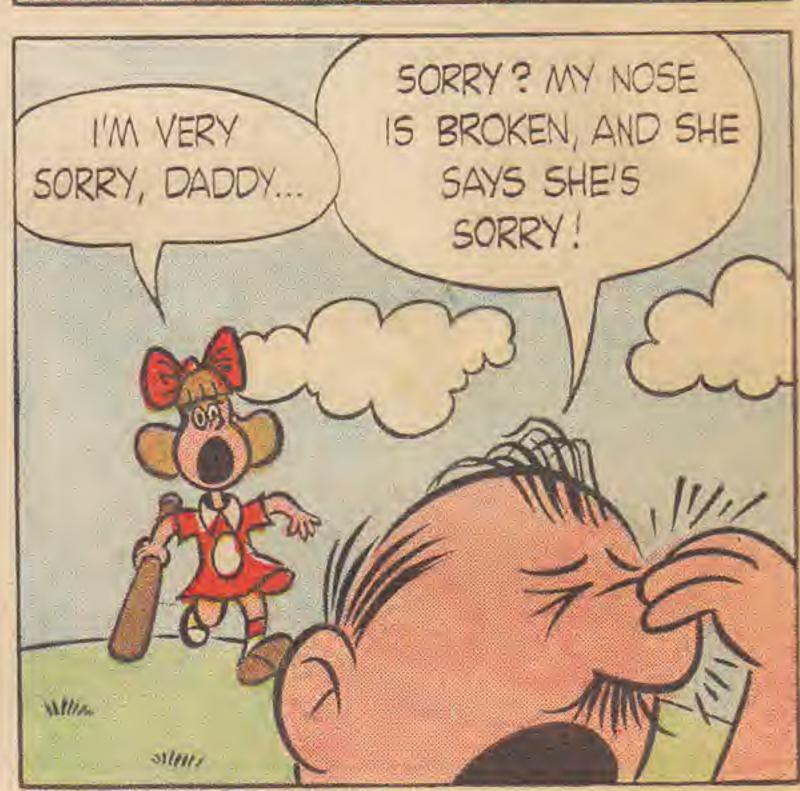






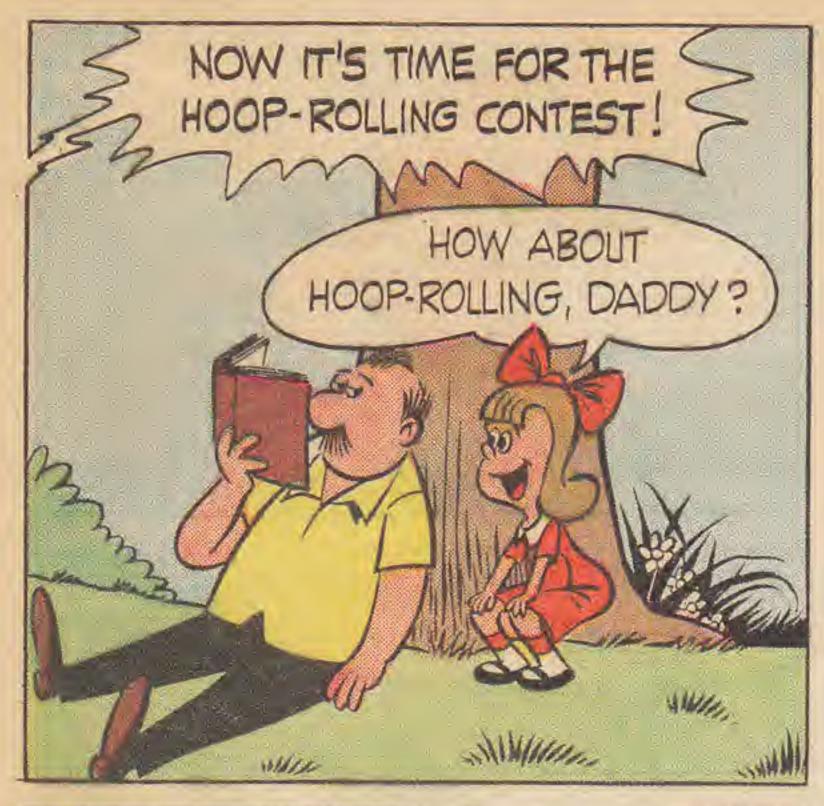










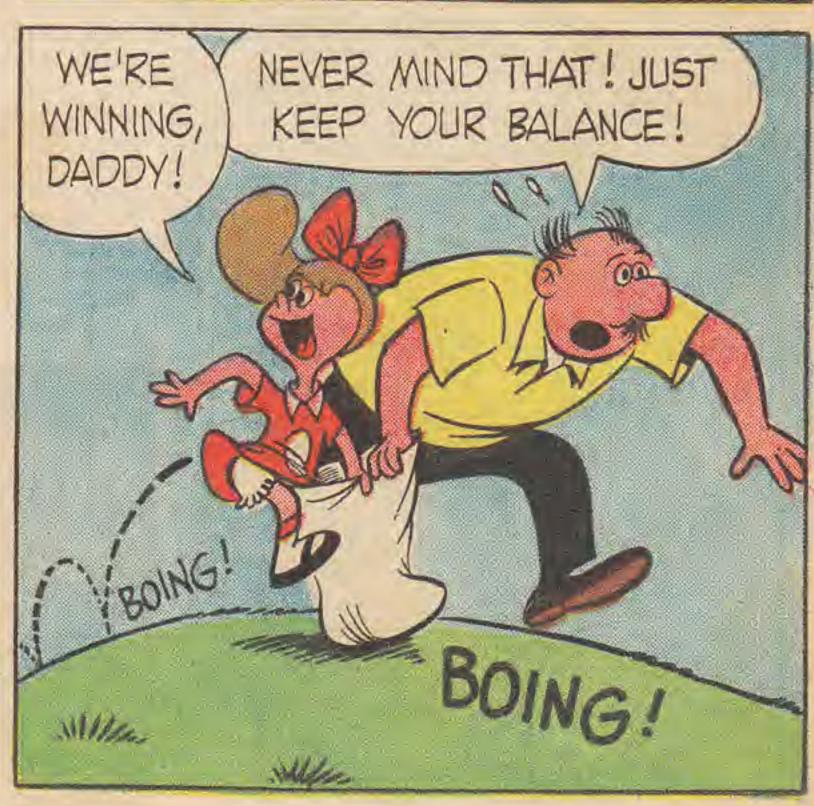


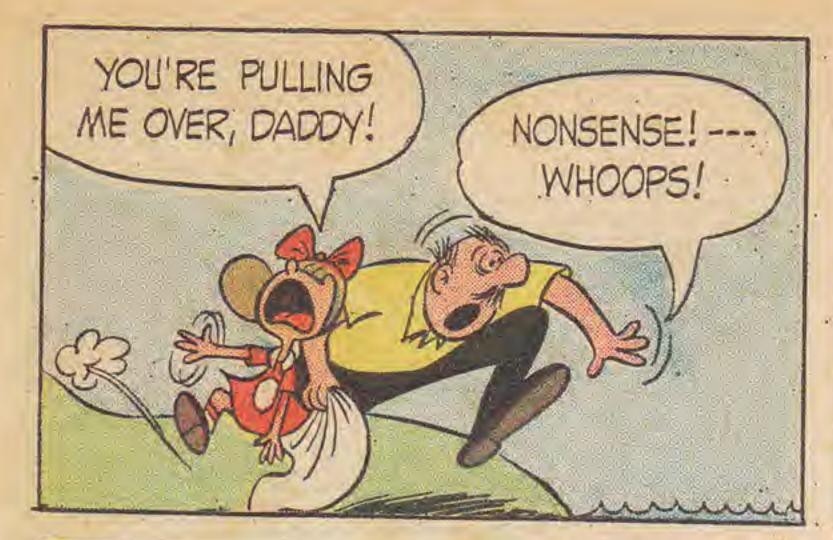
















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